



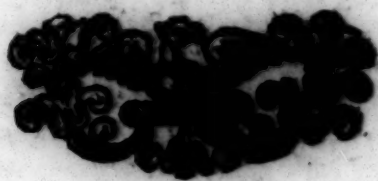
P. La Pucelle, Insc.

M. F. de la Roche, Scen.

Tunbridge-Walks:
OR, THE
Yeoman of *KENT*.
A
COMEDY.

By Mr. *BAKER*.

*Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat ?*



L O N D O N:
Printed for S. CROWDER, H. WOODGATE,
T. LOWNDS, and T. CASLON.
1764.

Cambridge-Walks:

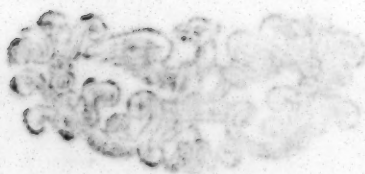
OR THE

Yeoman of K E W T.

COMEDY.

By Mr. BAKER.

As acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1794.



L O N D O N.

Printed by S. Cresswell, H. Woodgate,
T. Lowndes, and T. Cadogan.
1794.



To the Right Honourable

JOHN HOW, Esq;

S I R,

I Must own that 'tis more the Result of Affection than Opinion, makes me so solicitous to continue the Reputation of this Comedy, by putting it under the Protection of a Patron, whose Character can alone be both its Honour and Defence.

I was soon determined there to offer it, where I cou'd at once satisfy my Ambition, secure my Hopes, and pay the Gratitude which I owe as an *Englishman*; for 'tis from the happy Scene of our Affairs, that any can think, or be diverted with that Ease the Town was pleased to shew at the Representation of this Play: the Success of which I truly ascribe more to the Justness of the Action, and Favour of the Audience, than either Turn of Plot, or Correctness of Style. I am sensible it may want Support, therefore I presume to Inscribe your Great Name in the Front, which will not only Defend, but Perpetuate it; for no Age will ever forget, how brave an Asserter of *England's* Interest and Liberty you have been; neglected your own Ease by a constant Attendance in Parliament, Oppos'd all the Grievances that men in-

The Dedication.

croach'd upon the People, and rather chose to be Distinguished than Dignify'd.

"Twas you, *SIR*, that kept alive the Warlike Genius of the Nation, and was the 'chiefeft Advocate of her bravest Sons, against Starving and Oppression: 'Twas from your Care and Humanity in procuring the Support of Half-pay, that those Gentlemen, who are now not only Defending *England*, but Saving *Europe*, sunk not under the Misery of Want, and the Envy of those who hated such inimitable Courage. But how agreeable a Theme must it be to contemplate the happy Change! such a Sovereign, so Glorious a Cause, and our Rewards so Honourably and Justly Secur'd. What may we not hope from *English* Valour so encourag'd, when we have seen such Instances of its Force in spite of all Depressions?

From the Successes of the last Campaign, may we not justly expect, That in After-Times the Annals of this Seventeenth Century will begin with the Fame the Fifteenth concluded; and when Parallels shall be drawn of the two Glorious Female Reigns, tho' *Eliza* was Numerous in her Councils, *Anna* is Greater in her Few. That I live under the easy happy Influences of this present Ministry, of which you are a principal Part, is my Satisfaction; but that You will accept this Proof of my Esteem, will be my lasting Honour, in giving me Opportunity to tell Ages to come, that I am,

SIR,

Your most Humble

Most Devoted,

And most Obedient Servant.

To the A U T H O R.

TIS hard to please, in such a carping Age,
 When Criticks with such Spleen invest the Stage;
 But sudden Death's the Fate of modern Plays,
 For few we see, are born to length of Days;
 And yet the *Searchers* say, 'tis rarely seen
 Amongst the Dead, that any fell by Spleen;
 Many, they find, were by the Poets slain,
 The dull Pretenders, in a scribbling Vein,
 Set up for Comedy, with little Wit,
 Borrow a Plot, and when the Play is writ,
 They leave it starving in an empty Pit.
 Your better Care has caus'd a better Fate,
 Your *Yeoman's* Life is of a longer Date.
 It shews us Humour, and an easy Plot,
 (Which in the Plays deceas'd, was oft forgot)
 No smutty Jest, but Wit without Offence,
 (For with ill-manners Wit grows Impudence.)
 You're not to blame, if envious Fools will find
 Scandal and Lewdness which were ne'er design'd:
 Your Play instructs us too; that we beware,
 That Riches are not made our only Care,
 Since Wit and Breeding serve to gain the Fair.

To the A U T H O R.

THEN we may hope there will again appear
 Humour and Wit on th' *English* Theatre,
 Unborrow'd from the *French*: For to our shame,
 Our Comedy of late from *Gallia* came:
 Our Heroes learnt from theirs the Art of Fighting,
 Our Poets too have mimick'd theirs in Writing:
 And by Translation strove to build their Fame,
 Barren of Mother-Wit, and of Invention lame.
 But you, auspicious Youth, have now begun
 To make old *English* Wit in *English* Channels run.
 You think it needless over Sea to roam,
 In search of Knaves and Fools, with whom we're stock'd
 at home.

Let such alone feel your Poetick Rage,
 And as you scourge the Vices of the Age,
 Retrive the drooping Honour of the Stage.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. Pinketkman.

YOU dreadful Sons of War, who hither come,
To fright fair Maids in Masks, and storm their
Boom;

You soft Sirs, who at home indulge your Ease,
And hate French Bullets worse than French Disease;
You Courtiers, who in Wit, and Judgment grow,
For where the Money Ebbs, the Wit shou'd Flow;
And you Citts, who so brisk, and plump appear,
Fatten'd with good Quest-Ale, and Christmas Cheer;

The Poet by me, Envoy, here to-day,
Welcomes you to a pleasant, airy Play:

The Comick Writer still supports our Stage,
We live by the Good Nature of the Age.

Let others be with Tragic Laurels crown'd,
Where undisturb'd the Hero struts around,
And empty Boxes echo to the Scund.

Plays are design'd for Mirth, to make us glad,
Damn'd Fortune's Plagues too often prove us sad;
Debts, Judgments, and a Bailiff at the Door,
Or cruel Sempstresses, when Love boils o'er:
But tho' to tease us, more such Plagues combine,
All are dispers'd with Humour, Wit and Wine.

This Night our Author, to divert our Spleen,
'Mongst Crowds o' Fools, at Tunbridge lays his Scene;

Where Beaus, and City-Wives in Medley come,
The Brisk Gallant supplies the Husband's room,
Whilst he, dear harmless Cuckold, packs up Goods at home.

Some Plot he has, some Conversation too,
Some Characters found out, he thinks are new,
But with what Skill they're drawn, he leaves to you.

A nice-built Play, he begs you'll not expect;
Young Poets have the Fire, old Authors are correct.

To Honour chiefly, he'd his Genius bend,
On your judicious Smiles his Hopes depend;

And, as he still writes on, he'll strive to mend.

EP I L O G U E.

Design'd for the Captain.

*A*T Tunbridge I have made my first Campaign,
Nor have I wore these borrow'd Plumes in vain,
Since my Red-Coat has help'd me to a Spouse,
Who has (I thank her) brought me, — ne'er a Souse.
The World's a Cheat, most Men disguis'd appear,
And fain wou'd seem to be, what least they are.
The Out-side's all, Virtue's an empty Name,
That cloaks the subtle Knave, and willing Dame.
Each Prostitute, worn out with frequent Sinning,
Wou'd still persuade you, 'tis her first Beginning.
Amongst you well-dress'd powder'd Sparks that sit
The awful Judges of the Poet's Wit,
Here's some perhaps my Character wou'd hit;
Who think it safer, here at home to fall
By Ladies Eyes, than by a Cannon Ball:
But as the Painter, so the Poet too,
What shou'd be hid, screens from too nice a View;
And when some Strokes have the Design express'd,
Chuses to draw a Shadow o'er the rest.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Lowerworth,</i>	{ A Man of an Estate, in Love with <i>Hillaria,</i>	Mr. Mills.
<i>Reynard,</i>	{ A Gentleman that lives by his Wits,	Mr. Wilks.
<i>Woodcock,</i>	A Yeoman of <i>Kent,</i>	Mr. Johnson.
<i>Squib,</i>	{ A Fluttering, Fop Militia Cap- tain,	Mr. Pinkethman.
<i>Maiden,</i>	{ A Nice Fel- low, that va- lues himself up- on all Effemi- nacies.	Mr. Bullock.

W O M E N.

<i>Belinda,</i>	{ Daughter to <i>Woodcock,</i>	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Hillaria,</i>	{ Sister to <i>Rey- nard,</i> a Railing, Mimicking La- dy,	Mrs. Verbruggen.
<i>Mrs. Goodfellow,</i>	{ A Lady that loves her Bot- tle,	Mrs. Powell.
<i>Penelope,</i>	{ Her Niece, an Heroick Trapes,	Mrs. Moor.
<i>Lucy,</i>	Maid to <i>Hillaria,</i>	Mrs. Lucas.

Singers, Dancers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE TUNBRIDGE.

Time, Twelve Hours.



Tunbridge-Walks :
OR, THE
Yeoman of *K E N T*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Common Room in a Lodging-House.

Reynard and Loveworth meeting.

Lov. **F**RANK Reynard!

Rey. Ned Loveworth! Slave to London, and Darling of the Fair Sex, left his Mistress, his Bottle, and his Friend, to visit the Country!

Lov. To the Pleasure of the Town I own myself devoted, but *London* now is a perfect Solitude, Business and Diversion have dispers'd every body — Lawyers are gone their Circuits to plague the poor Country People — Tradesmen to cheat at Fairs — Courtiers to avoid their Creditors, and younger Brothers to sponge a Month with their Relations; no Plays, no Park, no Intrigues, not a Cully left to keep Wenching in countenance; so that the poor Women o' the Town are forc'd to live virtuously in spite of Nature. But *Tunbridge*, I suppose, is the Seat of Pleasure; prithee, What Company does the Place afford?

Key. Like most publick Assemblies, a Medley of all sorts, Fops Majestic and Diminutive, from the long flaxen Wig with a splendid Equipage, to the Merchant's spruce 'Prentice that's always mighty neat about the Legs; 'Squires come to court some fine Town-Lady, and Town-Sparks to pick up a Ruffet-Gown; for the Women here are wild Country-Ladies, with ruddy Cheeks like a *Sevil-Orange*, and gape, stare, scamper, and are brought hither to be disciplin'd; Fat City-Ladies with tawdry Atlases, in defiance of the Act of Parliament; and slender Court-Ladies, with *French Scarffs*, *French Aprons*, *French Night-Cloaths*, and *French Complexions*.

Love. But what are the chief Diversions here?

Key. Each to his Inclination——Beaus Raffle and Dance——Citts play at Nine-Pins, Bowls, and Backgammon——Rakes scour the Walks, bully the Shopkeepers, and beat the Fiddlers——Men of Wit rally over Claret, and Fools get to the *Royal-Oak* Lottery, where you may lose Fifty Guineas in a Moment, have a Crown return'd you for Coach-hire, a Glass of Wine and a hearty Welcome——In short, 'tis a Place wholly dedicated to Freedom, no Distinction, either of Quality or Estate, but ev'ry Man that appears well, converses with the best.

Love. But who is the top Beauty of the *Wells*, the grand Toast of the Men, and Envy of the Women?

Key. Ev'ry one wou'd be so: But your old Mistress *Hillaria* still bears the Crowd; her Wit and Beauty support each other, and her Dress and Conversation are ev'ry day so prettily vary'd, she always appears new: The Women love her Company, but hate her Pow'r, and the Beaus flutter about her in all the airy Postures of *French Gallantry*, whom she still keeps off with her easy Raillery, and not one dares engage her.

Love. If she has so many new Sparks, she'll look but coldly on an old Pretender; but if she's so severe upon the Beaus, I wonder they don't appear dash'd, and retire.

Key. Not at all; because their Vanity construes every thing to their own advantage; and they take Raillery from a Lady, to be as great a Mark of Esteem, as they
thinke

think a Lampoon is of being considerable enough to be taken notice of——I always observe, that Men of the greatest Sense are most doubtful of their own Merit; but a Fool, that has Assurance enough to support his Folly, thinks he has Wit enough to carry him thro' the World.

——But here comes old *Woodcock* the Yeoman of Kent, that's half Farmer and half Gentleman; his Horses go to plow all the Week, and are put into the Coach o' Sunday: he has brought his Daughter hither, a Lady ev'ry way agreeable; but her Father is so great a Humourist, that notwithstanding he allows her all the Gaity of Body, he obliges her to the antient Custom of wearing a High-Crown-Hat. To her I intend my Addresses, but would first sound his Inclinations; for when an old Fellow knows he has a handsome Daughter, and can give her a good Fortune, he is generally very capricious in the disposing of her.

Enter *Woodcock*.

Good-morrow, Mr. *Woodcock*, you are exercising yourself after the Waters, I see.

Woodc. You are mistaken, Mr. *Reynard*, we Country Gentlemen live honestly, and have no occasion to scour our Vessels.

Lou. But *Funbridge*-Waters, Sir, have another Virtue; they help the Understanding, and quicken the Wit, and that you Country Gentlemen may have occasion for.

Woodc. When I find, Sir, they have had a better Effect upon you *Londoners*, perhaps I may try 'em.——Look you, Gentlemen, we in the Country don't pretend to Raillery: If we have Wit enough to keep our Chickens from the Kites, and our Wives and Daughters from you ravenous Town-Sparks, we neither envy your flashy Air, nor desire to be thought Weather-Cocks.

Rey. But they say, Sir, you are blest in a Daughter, that's beauteous to Admiration, your only Child, and Heiress to your Estate; and notwithstanding your *Aver-*
sion

ston to the Town; I suppose you design her for some very fine Gentleman.

Woodc. No, no, Mr. Reynard; your modern fine Gentleman is too much a *Narcissus* to value a Wife; he marries only to repair his Estate, never appears abroad with her after the first Month, nor lies with her but in *Leant*, for Mortification——The Prodigal Cit too takes a Wife only for Conveniency to look after his Shop, while he goes a Stock-Jobbing. grows jealous from his own Imperfections, swears she keeps Company with my Lord such a one, sues out a Divorce right or wrong, and turns her out of Doors; then spends her Fortune upon some *Covent-Garden* Miss, and like the rest of your who-ring Citizens, pretends he's *Pfificky*, and is forc'd to lie out of Town ev'ry Night——No *Londoner* shall either ruin my Daughter, or waste my Estate——If he be a Gamester, 'tis rattl'd away in two Nights——If a lewd Fellow, 'tis divided into Settlements——If a nice Fop, then my Cherry-Trees are cut down to make Terras-Walks; my ancient Manor-House, that's noted for good Eating, demolish'd to build up a modern Kickshaw, like my Lord *Courtair's* Seat about a Mile off, with *Saffes*, Pictures, and *China*; but never any Victuals dress'd in the House for fear the Smoak of the Chimney should sully the nice Furniture——Look ye, Mr. Reynard, the *Woodcocks* of *Kent* are an ancient Family, and were the first that oppos'd *William* the Conqueror; therefore I'll have my Name kept up; and to marry my Daughter to a Beau, with spindle Shanks, a small Shape, and a long meagre Face, I'm sure is n't the way to increase her Family.

Rey. So that instead of providing her a Gentleman, you'd sacrifice her to a Brute; who has neither Manners enough to be thought rational, Education enough for a Justice of Peace, nor Wit enough to distinguish fine Conversation from the yelping of Dogs; hunts all the Morning, topes all the Afternoon, and then goes lovingly drunk to Bed to his Wife.

Woodc. And pray, what are your Town Diversions?
——To hear a Parcel of *Italian* Eunuchs, like so many

many Cats, squawl out somewhat you don't understand
 — The Song of my Lady's *Birtb-Day*, by an honest Farmer, and a merry Jig by a Country-Wench that has Humour in her Buttocks, is worth forty on't: Your Plays, your Park, and all your Town Diversions together, don't afford half so substantial a Joy as going home thoroughly wet and dirty after a fatiguing Fox-Chace, and shifting one's self by a good Fire —
 Neither are we Country Gentlemen such Ninnies as you make us; we have good Estates, therefore want not the Knavery, and Cunning of the Town; but we are loyal Subjects, true Friends, and never scruple to take our Bottle, because we are guilty of nothing which we are afraid of discovering in our Cups — To such a Man I'd marry my Daughter: One who has Humanity enough to know how to use a Woman well, and loves the Country well enough to live in't, and manage his Estate himself without trusting it to a rascally Steward, who will ruin my Family to raise his own.

Enter Squib.

Rey. Captain Squib!

Squ. Gentlemen, I kiss your Foot-steps.

Low. But how now, Squib, How long hast thou been intitl'd to Scarlet; Prithee, what Regiment has the Honour of thy Protection?

Squ. Why, truly, Gentlemen, finding how irresistible a red Coat is among the Ladies, I have lately made Interest to be a Officer in the *City Train'd Bands* — When I march through *Cheapside* on a Training-day, how the Citizens Wives stare after me — There's an Air! says one; there's a Face! says another; there are Legs! says a third; sigh, then go to Bed, and cuckold their Husbands by the Force of Imagination.

Rey. But wou'd n't it gain you more Reputation, Captain, to make a Campaign? There you might serve your Country, and justly merit the Title of an Officer.

Squ. No, no, Mr. Reynard, 'tis only for your swarthy ill-look'd Rogues to go to the War, we spruce Officers stay

stay at home to guard the Ladies, fight Mock-Sieges upon *Bunhill*, and storm the Outworks of a Ven'ron Pasty : Besides, Sir, I have an Estate, therefore need not put the fair Sex into Doubts and Fears, by hazarding my Person.

Low. But if you don't serve one Campaign, how will it appear to the World you are a Man of Courage ?

Squ. That, Mr. *Loueworth*, is evident enough at home, for there is seldom a Day, but I have occasion to draw my Sword either in the Pit, the Side-Box, or some Public Coffee-House.

Low. If you are so desperate, Captain, People will be afraid of keeping you Company.

Squ. You are mistaken, Sir ; I'm one of the well-bred Officers that challenge no Man, and if any Man challenges me, [*Aside*] I send my Lieutenant to meet him — But to show you I have Generosity as well as Courage, I quarrelled yesterday with a Gentleman for treading on my Toe, which you know is an unpardonable Affront in this honourable Age ; but at the Intercession of some particular Friends, Pardon begg'd, and a Supper given, I was prevailed upon to put it up — Ha ! my Yeoman o' *Kent*, honest Hop-Sack and Cherry-Tree, How does thy handsome Daughter, what think you of me for a Son-in-Law ?

Wood. Thee — Dost think I'll marry her to a Pot-Gun, a Fop Militia Captain ; who instead of having Courage to stand an Enemy, flies at a Show'r of Rain : She should sooner have a common Trooper, that's a Man of Mettle, and follow the Camp.

Squ. Very blunt, and ill-bred ; like a true Country Put that was conceiv'd under a Hedge, litter'd in a Barn, and brought up in a Hog-Stye — — Look you, old Gentleman, if your Daughter falls in love with me, as 'tis ten to one but ev'ry Woman does ; tell her, she may figh herself into the Green-Sickness, eat Oatmeal, Chalk, Coals, Candles, and die o' the Pip.

Enter Maiden.

Maid. Are you for the Walks, Gentlemen ?

Rey.

Rey. Ay, But Mr. Maiden, you are very late to-day, the Ladies will be all there before you.

Mai. Why really, Sir, I us'd to be dress'd sooner ; but I have been mightily out of Order this Morning with the Vapours and the Cholic, and was forc'd to stay to eat a little Chicken Broth ——— Pray, Gentlemen, What new Company have we here ? They say there's a World of Quality come down this Week.

Woodc. Quality ! What then ! They'll neither furnish the *Wells* with more Wit, nor more Money.

Mai. But the Ladies, Sir, always respect People of Rank ——— They say, Mr. *Woodcock*, you have a fine Daughter to dispose of here ; I design to make her some Overtures.

Woodc. You ——— ——— Thou effeminate Coxcomb ! dost think she'll like one of her own Sex ——— [*Aside.*] D'slife, all the Fops in this Place have got a Notion of my Daughter ; I shall have 'em bait her as a Parcel of Hounds do a young Leveret ; I'll go find her out, make her pack up her Awls, and we'll be gone to-morrow Morning. [*Exit.*]

Low. Prithee, *Frank*, let's to the Coffee-House, and leave these Fools together.

Rey. I'll step but to my Chamber, and follow you instantly. [*Exeunt differently.*]

Squ. Well, Friend, and what Accomplishments d'you pretend to with the Ladies ?

Mai. Why, I can sing and dance, and play upon the Guittar ; make Wax-work, and Fillagree, and paint upon Glas ; besides, I can dress a Lady up a Head upon occasion, for I was put 'Prentice to a *Millener* once, only a Gentleman took a Fancy to me, and left me an Estate : but that's no Novelty ; for abundance of People now-a-days, take a Fancy to a handsome young Fellow.

Squ. And wou'd you sooth the Women with these Fooleries ? They hate a nice Fop, that's so much an Image of themselves ; and love a robust masculine Fellow, that will kiss 'em, tumble 'em, and towze 'em about.

Mai.

Mai. [*Aside.*] Poor silly Creature; Lard, Does he think fine Ladies will suffer themselves to be us'd like Oyster Women — Sir, I hope I hav'nt study'd the Ladies so long, not to know how to address 'em; neither have I taken so much pains to polish my self, to be rejected for you: Therefore you may give your self what rough Airs you please, and yet not succeed half so well as those that have a little more Modesty.

Squ. Modesty — Here's a Fellow now — Prithee, what does Modesty signify? Did it ever get a Lover a Maidenhead, a Lawyer a Cause, or a Courtier a Place — But to pretend to Modesty in this Age; why the Women have laid it aside now, and are resolv'd, *A-la-Mode en France*, to appear bare-neck'd, gallop without Stays, drink their Bottle, keep Fellows, and be out of countenance at nothing; — Thank Heav'n Modesty's an Infamy my Family can ne'er be branded with; for all my Relations from the beginning have been either Pimps, Poets, Attornies, Projectors, Stock-Jobbers, or Custom-House Officers. — But you may e'en quit your Modesty, your Airs, and your Graces; for I resolve to ingross all the Ladies to my self, and if you dare meddle with one —

Mai. D'you think I won't talk to 'em, and give 'em Sweetmeats.

Squ. That I grant you; but if you offer Love to any thing that's under Fifty, above the degree of a Chamber-Maid, and has a Nose in her Face, I'll cut your Throat — [*Aside.*] I may hector this Fellow without danger.

Mai. As to that matter, Captain, we shall never quarrel; for if I can Raffle with the Ladies, Dance with them, and Walk with 'em in public, I never desire any private Love-favours from 'em.

Squ. Nay, then gi'me thy Hand, thus we agree the Point, and will assist each other. I'll recommend you for a Partner in Dancing, you shall recommend me for a Lover to wait on 'em home.

Mai. With all my heart.

Squ.

Squ. Come along, frigid.

[*Exit.*

Mai. Lard, what rude Monster is this? Sure something that comes out of the *Bear-Garden*; but I'm glad we are Friends; for if he had drawn his Sword, I shou'd have swooned away.

[*Exit.*

Enter Hillaria and Lucy.

Hill. *Lucy*, see if the Ladies are ready for the Walks, and order a Coach to the Door——Well, this *Tunbridge* is the Joy of my Life; such Treating, Dancing, Serenading, Raffling and Scandal, I cou'd die here——But let me see, what new Acquaintance have I made here——There's *Mrs. Goodfellow* that makes so many great Suppers, I cou'd like her; but she drinks so prodigioussly hard, I can never hold out with her——*Lady Babble* that's perpetually at Cards, and always loses, lends one Money, and has never Assurance to ask for't again, I'll be intimate there——*Mrs. Smallware*, the Tradesman's Wife in the City; there I can have things upon Credit; and then *Belinda*, the Lady that lives in *Kent*, I'll be very great with her, she'll invite me down for a whole Summer——I find every now and then I'm forc'd to pack together some new Intimates; for by that time I have liv'd a Year upon one Set, I run 'em out so much Money in treating my Visitors, keep such late Hours, and breed so many Differences in their Families, they are quite th'd of me.

Enter Reynard.

Rey. So, Sister; you are in your *Airs*, I see, ready for the Company, mighty gay and splendid; prithee, how dost maintain thy self so well without a Fortune?

Hill. Tho' I want a Fortune, Brother, yet while there are Fools that have Money, and I have Wit and Assurance to manage 'em, I'll wear the best Cloaths, visit the greatest Quality, enjoy ev'ry Diversion, and despise all that pretend to be better than myself.

Rey. But how d'you insinuate yourself to the World?

Hill. As most Women that live by their Wits do; I praise every body to their Face, and mimic every body behind

behind their Back; so that all court my Favour, because they are afraid of being abus'd—— By keeping a world of Company, appearing in all public Places, and giving my self a liberty of Railing, I have acquir'd the Character of a Judge—— No body dares buy a Suit of Cloaths without my Advice, for whatever I condemn is thought ungenteel; and half the Tradesmen in Town make me Presents to promote 'em Customers—— I make Interest for the Players o' Benefit Nights, so I have the liberty of the Box—— Now and then introduce a poor Poet with a Dedication to go snacks in the Reward—— I live one Month with this Lady, a Month with that, cheat at Cards for Pocket-Money; so make shift to rub through the World—— But, how d'you manage your self, Brother? 'tis more difficult for a Man to sponge a Maintenance that a Woman; to be treated, presented and address'd, you know is the Prerogative of our Sex.

Key. Like a true Town-Spark; one Day at Court, and the next in Jail: I have generally some Money at Command, but seldom any more at a time than what I have in my Pocket.

Hill. Why truly, Brother, I believe most of you Wits do carry your whole Stock about you.

Key. I always keep Company with those of the highest Rank, whom I find most easy to be bubbled: Now and then perhaps I get to the Groom-Porter's, and lend a Nobleman twenty Guineas upon a push, to pay me five advance the next Morning; and Courtiers punctually discharge what they lose at Gaming, tho' they run in ev'ry body's debt for Necessaries—— But this Course of Life, Sister, is but for a spurt; we must now think of settling our Condition; our Family you know bears no common Fame, and our Education was the best; but our Parents, by supporting the ancient *English* Hospitality, liv'd beyond their Estate, and left us to traverse the World; therefore, whatever Offers you have, accept nothing below your self.

Hill. No, Brother, I have a Soul too great to harbour any thing that's mean; and if my Circumstances wou'd
not

not countenance my Character, before I'd condescend, like a decay'd Gentlewoman, to dress Heads, make Mantaus, tease People with my Birth and Education, and my Willingness to get a Livelihood in an honest way, I'd scorn the World, and with an undaunted Spirit, repeating some heroic Strain, plunge a Dagger, and fancy myself an Actress in a Tragedy,

Rey. My own Sister to a hair———But let this Maxim join your noble Spirit———Still preserve your Virtue; for if you part with that, you stain our Blood, and render your self below every Circumstance.

Hill. You know, Brother, we are all frail, and sometimes there's no resisting the Charms of a well-dress'd Side-Box Beau; but if I shou'd make a slip, this I'll promise you, to keep a good Reputation, and that's the most fashionable Virtue.

Rey. But of all your Lovers, whom are you most inclin'd to marry?———There's my Friend *Love-worth*, a Man of Sense, and a tolerable Estate.

Hill. Good.

Rey. Then, Captain *Squib*, with a large Estate, but a Fool.

Hill. Better.

Rey. And then the fine Mr. *Maiden*, who has a very great Estate, and is a prodigious Fool.

Hill. Best of all.

Rey. But cou'd you love a Fool, Sister?

Hill. Love is a stupid Passion, that betrays the Weakness of our Minds; who that has Reason wou'd sacrifice the Pride of Life to a momentary Joy, which ev'n in the Name of Marriage extinguishes? But a Man that wou'd maintain me in all the Pomp of Quality, to outshine the Court, and be the Envy of the vying World, I swear, were he old, diseas'd, perverse, were he any thing, I cou'd love him, carefs him, and dote on him to Death.

Rey. My own Sister again———For my part, I'm fix'd on *Belinda*, the Yeoman of *Kent's* Daughter, and have luckily found out what sort of Man he's resolv'd to

marry her to: I'll first solicit the Lady, then contrive how to win or deceive the Father: The Custom of this Place allows our familiarity without being suspected for Relations, so that we may subtly commend each other———To-day we strike our Fortunes, for in so great a crowd of Fools, 'tis hard if we don't find some opportunity to profit by our Wits.

*Thus runs the World, one half the other rules,
The Wise are Workmen, and the Weak are Tools; }
Hill. But yet the greatest Wits are Womens Fools.*

The End of the First ACT.



ACT II.

SCENE, *The Walks.*

Enter Hillaria and Belinda.

Hill. **I** Wonder, *Belinda*, how a reasonable Soul, and a Genius for the World, like you, can brook a Country Life!

Bel. Custom, *Hillaria*, make ev'ry thing familiar; and tho' I hate the Country, I endeavour so much Philosophy to be easy in it: indeed, my Father's Intentions of settling me there, wou'd try the utmost of my Temper.

Hill. But I suppose you have too much of a modern Spirit to let his Will sway your Inclinations: Shou'd any old Father pretend to associate me where I don't like, I shou'd plainly desire him to leave doing, or march into the other World; but sure my Parents were the civillest People, for after they had liv'd sparingly to increase my Fortune, found they grew old, and I began to grumble, they made their Will,
left

left all to me, except fifty Guineas to the Noncon-Preacher, and a few charitable Legacies I ne'er paid, and went off so sweetly, without so much as a fit of Sickness to put one to Charges, and keep one in Doubts and Fears.

Bel. But what wou'd you have me to do, *Hillaria*? For my Father resolves to move home to-morrow, where I shall be coup'd up like a Turtle-Dove that's melancholy without a Mate, and have not the least prospect of any other Match than what's first propos'd to him.

Hill. Why, faith, e'en take the advantage of this public Place, select one that looks most like a Man of Honour, strike up the Bargain while you stand still in a Country-Dance, and be tack'd to him out of hand——What think you of Mr. *Reynard*? If I who have seen so many Men, and observ'd such Variety of Shapes, from *Beau-May Pole* to *Beau Dapper*, may judge of the Sex, I say *Reynard's* a pretty Fellow.

Bel. Since you draw me into a Confession, *Hillaria*, I must own the same Opinion; Mr. *Reynard* was my Partner at the *Bath* last Year; and mentioned a Love there, which he has not since had an opportunity to renew——But then, my Father; to be hated, turn'd out of doors, and disinherited!

Hill. Never fear it —— Indeed, when a Woman disgraces her Family by a mean Passion, and runs away with a Fidler, a Barber, or a Taylor, 'tis fit she shou'd be discarded, and join in her Husband's Drudgery all Day for a little Love at Night: but if you marry a Gentleman, and look the World i' the Face, perhaps the old Man's testy for a Month, but then you put on a little hypocritical Sorrow, down o' your Knees, tell him you are sorry you shou'd carnalize without his Consent, but 'tis what can't be undone now —— Nature pleads, the old Fool blesses you; then come Treats, Balls, fine Clothes, all mighty well, and not a word o' the Balcony,

Bel. Dear *Hillaria*! let me entreat your Friendship; but you engage ev'ry body, all court you, and are un-
easy

easy without you ; prithee what is it so bewitcheth 'em ?

Hill. Upon these Love Occasions, I am mightily follow'd : For after I have persuaded a young Lady to run away with a handsome Fellow, I intercede with the old Folks and reconcile 'em, so that I oblige both Sides ; [*Aside*] And often get a good Present by the bargain — Then People are fond of a pretty fleering Air I have got ; for you must know, this Age is mightily addicted to Self-love ; and the higher Esteem People have of their own Perfections, the more they despise others : Therefore I please this Lady, by railing at that ; and my self, by making a Jest of the whole World alternately — When I'm at Court, I ridicule the City-Wives, those over-dress'd Creatures, that stand gaping six Hours at a Shop-door ; and the Aldermen's Ladies who, by their Bulk and manly Voice are taken for Hermaphrodites — When I'm in the City, I laugh at the Court-Ladies, their Gaming Clubs, and Intrigues with Players, wearing *D'Oyley* Stuff-Suits for want of Money or Credit to buy better, and borrowing Jewels o' Birth-Nights ; and when I'm among People of true Merit, I make a Jest of both — To particular Families, I recommend myself by being thoroughly good-humour'd, and always conformable to what's propos'd. — One Lady loves hot Tea ; another cold Tea ; I drink both — My Lady *Jiggit's* for a Fiddle, and a Country-Dance, so am I — Mrs. *Townly* loves a Hackney-Coach, sending for Fellows out o' Chocolate-Houses, coquetting half an Hour in a Mask, and making the Fools treat us without so much as the favour of seeing our Faces ; then from *India-House* to *India-House*, leaving Letters, tumbling Goods, buying one *China* Cup, and stealing half a dozen ; and at my Lady *Rampant's* in *Effex*, they are for clambering over Hedges, riding in Hay-Carts, Hot-Cockles, and Blind-Man's-Buff — I can romp as well as the best of them — Then I am mighty happy in keeping a Secret ; so that if a Merchant's Wife has a mind to make merry when her Husband's out of Town, to be sure I'm sent for — But here come the He-things.

Enter

Enter Reynard and Loveworth:

Rey. Your Servant Ladies ; how goes Scandal at the Wells to-day ? What fine Lady had an Intrigue last Night, which the rest out of Envy have reported ?

Hill. Rather, Sir, what Intrigues have your Vanities boasted of, which neither your Persons, nor Accomplishments, had force to gain you ?

Lov. Real Intrigues, Madam, we never discover ; and only talk of Favours in opposition to those Ladies, who pretend to a Crowd of Lovers, and yet value themselves in having Power to resist 'em all.

Hill. A Woman, Sir, need not assume much Power to resist any thing she sees in your Sex ; but we can't blame the good Opinion you have of your selves, when we consider the weakness of your Judgments.

Rey. But if you Ladies did not desire a Conquest, why d'you take such pains to adorn your selves ? What are your high full Rumps but to make you follow'd ——— Your Fans in Winter but to give Airs, and the various Disposition of your Curles, but Baits for so many Men ? ——— Then there's more Policy and Consultation us'd in placing your Patches to advantage, than at a Council of War in the disposing a whole Army.

Hill. Pray, Mr. *Reynard*, let not your Sex pretend to satyryze the Women, till you are less foppish and affected your selves ——— What are your light Wigs curl'd behind, but to hide your round Shoulders, and set off your walnut Complexions ; and your fine Sword-knots, but to tie the Hilt and the Scabbard together ——— But the surprizing Joy when two Fops meet in the Side-Box, tho' they parted but two Minutes before at a Chocolate-House ; the Side-Bow, the Embrace ; and the fulsome trick you Men ha' got of kissing one another ; then down you sit, and observe the Women ——— She's well enough ——— says one, but they she has been had ——— Mind how she ogles us, says t' other, when they are a couple of wretched hatchet-fac'd things, that are Physical to look at 'em ——— Then the Toss o' the Head, the Airs o' the Snuff-Box, and the Leer

at an Actress on the Stage; and all the ridiculous Actions of a Monkey, or a Madam: but I think they say most of you Beaus are craz'd; for taking such a prodigious deal o' Snuff, it open'd your Heads so much, the Wind got in and turn'd your Brains———And when any Expressions on the Stage are smart upon the Side-boxes, how you force a Grin, and would fain laugh 'em off!

Rey. I find, Madam, we may truce the Debate, and unite our Forces; for I see Mr. Woodcock coming down the Hill, that's satirical upon both Sexes.

Bel. My Father! dear *Hillaria*, let's avoid him.

Rey. We'll step into a Ruffling-Shop, Madam.

[*Exeunt Rey. and Bel.*]

Low. I suppose, Madam, by this time you are pretty well tir'd with Fops and Fiddles; and like a Ship toss'd by Winds and Waves, may be glad to steer into the Harbour of Matrimony.

Hill. Good Mr. Loveworth, don't mention Marriage at Tunbridge, 'tis as much laugh'd at as Honesty in the City: This is a Place of general Address, all Pleasure and Liberty; and when we happen to see a marry'd Couple dangle together like a Knife and a Fork, they are the Jest to the whole Walks.

Low. But Tunbridge, Madam, ought to distinguish Lovers; my Services bear a longer date, and therefore merit more particular Notice.

Hill. For which reason you might expect 'em slighted: Is there any thing more scandalous than an old Lover to our Sex, who are fond of Novelties? But if after all your Sollicitations, I were inclined to article the Matter, you'd find me somewhat odd in my Proposals. For in the first place: Whenever I marry, I design to have it amighty Secret; People seldom care to let the World know they have play'd the Fool; neither wou'd my Vanity lose the Serenades, the Treats, and Addresses a single State affords me——— Then I'm for a Man in some Business, that I may have his Company at Night, and yet not be troubled with his Impertinence all Day; for sure nothing is so insipid as a Fop Husband, that stays at home with his Wife, takes the Air with his Wife,
and

and shows his fondness in ev'ry thing but what he shou'd

—————Then I resolve to have an absolute sway ;
for, I find by Experience, no State, either public or
private, prospers so well as under the Government of a
Woman ; therefore I forbid all toasting Clubs, where
you drink Prosperity to your Mistresses, and Confusion
to your Wives, quarrel about the Constancy of some
common Trull, and break one another's Heads to prove
the emptiness of your Argument.—————No Conver-

sation with Wits, where you must treat half the Com-
pany, nor associating with Men of Quality, where you
are sure neither to improve your Understanding, nor gain
a Friend.—————Then I'll always be consulted in State-

Affairs, for 'tis a mighty credit to our Sex to have an
ascendant over them that byass the whole Nation ———

And cou'd you, Sir, perform all this for me ?

Low. All, ten times more ; you shall do what you
please, govern how you please, be sole Mistress of me,
yourself, and my Estate.

Hill. Then let me tell you, I dissembled all this while
only to try your Temper, and now find you a downright
Ass ————What ! be subject to your Wife ? let
a Woman rule you ! Why, the meekest Coward in Na-
ture has Courage enough to domineer over his Wife ———
I see, Sir, you are not for my purpose, yet I'll give you
this Advice ; the next Lady you address, neither fawn nor
flatter, but use a generous Courtship, and assert the Pre-
rogative of your Sex ; for 'tis the worst Air you can have
with us to be found any ways deficient in a true Man-like
Character ————But here come the *Canterbury Ladies*,
Mrs. Goodfellow, that's as big as the Cathedral, and enough
to scorch a body with her fiery Complexion ; and her lean,
scragged Niece *Penelope*, that fancies herself a mighty fine
Creature, and has more fantastic Airs than the Pewterer's
Wife in *Bedlam*.

Enter Mrs. Goodfellow and Penelope.

Goodf. Dear *Hillaria*, I am glad we ha' met you ; these
Men are so troublesome and dull, we have wanted your
Company mightily to divert us.

Pen. [*Aside*] These old Women affect so much Wisdom in despising Lovers, because they are conscious what's said to 'em can't be in earnest———Methinks, Madam, 'tis very pleasant to have the Beaus Buz about one, talk to one, and give one things; it shews one's pretty.

Goodf. You are young, Niece, and love to be flatter'd; when you come to my Years, and have a true sense of Things, your Vanity will wear off, and you'll find more substantial Joys in the Bottle, and a She-Friend; for my part, I never mind the Men; I have three hundred a Year, and am resolv'd to live single, and enjoy it: Therefore I wou'd n't have Lovers pretend to conquer me, for I come out of *Kent*, and the *Kentish* People were never conquer'd.

Hill. Truly, Madam, I agree with you; I hate the Company of Fellows, where Custom forces on a Modesty Nature never meant 'us; there's nothing like a Club of our own Sex, where we can be frank and free, play our own Pranks, and talk our own Talk.

Pen. [*Aside*] Wou'd the rest of our Sex were of their Opinion, that I might have all the Men to myself.

Goodf. But pray tell us, *Hillaria*, who have you seen this Morning?

Hill. The usual Crowd———Sir *Tiresome Crumpling*, that old affected Fop, that has been the Jelt of the Place these fifty Years; and the rest o' the Fools that take pains to be laugh'd at, cringing after a parcel of strange Trollops in Callicoe Gowns———Well, these late Mournings have been very happy for Women of no Fortunes, that have made a good Figure in an old Sheet printed black and white.———Then comes a knot of *Jew* Ladies, that have lately bubbled their Parents out of a Sum of Money by turning *Christians*, according to Act of Parliament; and have just as much Religion as some of our Christian Ladies, that spend half their Church-time in quarrelling for Hassocks, and the upper-end of a Pew———But then to see a swarm of Mercers and Drapers Wives, move down the Walks like
a sail

a sail of Ships, that are known to be the worst of the Company by being the finest dress'd, with Diamond Ear-Rings, Diamond Necklaces, and a great Gold Watch as big as a Warming-Pan; and yet these City-things are so confounded proud, they never think themselves considerable enough till they are Ladies too; a mighty piece of Honour indeed, to have one's Husband a Knight, and no Gentleman! tho' really some of our modern Gentry are as ridiculous on the other side, by valuing themselves upon their Births, when they have no Estates to support 'em; keep a Coach when they can't afford a Livery, and starve themselves to feed their Horses ———— What if we sit down here? ———— Mr. Loveworth, give us some Coffee.

Low. With all my heart, Madam.

Hill. Oh! here's Mr. Maiden, and the Music; now we shall have a Performance.

[They sit, Coffee brought in.]

Enter Mr. Maiden with Music.

Maid. Ladies, I have brought a fine Singer, that came down last Night to entertain you with a new Composition; one that's mightily admir'd at the Small coal Music Meeting.

S O N G.

[While the Song's performing, Maiden uses a Fan, a Pocket Looking-Glass, &c.]

*I*F moving Softness can subdue,
See, Nymphs, 'a Swain more soft than you:
We Patch, and we Paint,
We're Sick, and we Faint,
To the Fapours, and Spleen we pretend:
We play with a Fan,
We Squeak and we Skream,
We're Women, most Women i'th' end.

Tunbridge-Walks: Or,

*Your Airs we defy,
 Your Beauty deny,
 Be as Gay, and as Fine as you can;
 Ye Nymphs, have a care,
 Be more Nice, and more Fair,
 Or your Lovers in time we may gain.*

Goodf. Mr. Maiden is the most useful Person in such a public Place, and distinguishes himself so obligingly by promoting every Diversion.

Mai. Oh, Madam, I am Master of the Ceremonies here, appoint all the Dancing, summon the Ladies, and manage the Music; though really these Fiddlers are such a Parcel of idle, scoundrel Fellows, one has more trouble in keeping 'em together, than Mr. Rich has in governing the *Drury-Lane* Players.

Hill. But pray, Mr. Maiden, how d'you employ yourself for want of an Office in *London*?

Mai. Why, Madam, I never keep Company with lewd Rakes that go to the nasty Taverns, talk smuttily, and get fuddled; but visit the Ladies, and drink Tea and Chocolate; they think me the best Creature, for they consult me mightily about their Dress; I tell 'em when the Sleeve's rowl'd too high, and the Gown pinn'd too flat; fancy their Knots, and help 'em make their Patchwork: and they call me Mrs. *Betty*—— Then, I have Chambers at the *Temple*, and keep a Levee, and a Visiting-Day; for since the Lawyers are all turn'd Poets, and have taken the Garrets in *Drury-Lane*, none but Beaus live in the *Temple* now, who have sold all their Books, burnt all their Writings, and furnish'd the Rooms with Looking-glass and *China*.

Low. But if you neither read, study, nor converse with Men, how d'you employ your superfluous Hours?

Mai. Why, Sir, I can Pickle and Preserve, raise Paste, and make all my own Linen: Then I love mightily to go abroad in Women's Clothes; I was dress'd up last Winter in my Lady *Fussock's* Cherry-coloured Damask, set a whole Play in the Front-Seat of the

the Box, and was taken for a Dutch Woman of Quality.

Enter Woodcock.

Woodc. Sure my Country is the Seat of Plagues —
 — At Canterbury we are more Pester'd with French Folks, and Presbyterians, than the Egyptians were with the Frogs and Lice — At Maidstone, twice a Year, we have the Devourers o' the Law, that breed a Famine where-ever they come; and if two or three Dozen of my best Poultry are not presented to my Lord Judge, I am put into Commission, and plagu'd with all the scolding Controversies in the Parish; and Tunbridge here is the Rendezvous of Coxcombs. I have walk'd this Hour and hav'nt met one sociable Creature — So here's a blessed Cabal; when the Fops and the Women get together, there's generally more Noise, Nonsense, and Impertinence, than amongst a Knot of Lawyers Clerks, and drunken Whores in the middle Box of the Eighteen-Penny Gallery.

Hill. But I wonder, Mr. Maiden, how you nice Beaus, that frequent all Assemblies, avoid mixing with the ruder sort?

Mai. Oh, Madam, we that are acquainted with the Town, distinguish People by their Airs; there's as much difference between Men of Breeding and Rakes, as between a Lady's fine Shock, and an ugly Dutch Mastiff — One knows a Gentleman by a great deal of good Manners, and a chaste, modest Look, that may be trusted in a Lady's Bed-Chamber; and a Rake by a dirty Double-Button Coat, a curst long Sword, and a damn'd Irish Face, with more Impudence than the Box-Keepers that are always teasing Quality for Money.

Woodc. [Approaching.] And pray, Friend, by what Token d'you know a Fool, when you see him?

Lov. There Mr. Maiden can never be at a loss, who is so well acquainted with a Looking-glass.

Woodc. But where have you dispos'd my Daughter, good People?

Hill. To her own Satisfaction, I guess, amidst a Crowd of Beaus, Raffling, Toying, and receiving Presents.

Woodc. Very good; and pray what Favours d'you Ladies allow these Beaus in return of their fine Presents?

Hill. Why, the Liberty of Talking, Dancing, or a Game at Cards; and if we happen to meet Men of true Wit, perhaps we may be charm'd into Marriage.

Woodc. But shou'd my Daughter suffer her self to be corrupted by any of your *London* Wits, she shou'd e'en live by the Air of *Covent-Garden*; before I'd have a Wit inherit my Estate, I'd Stock-job it away at *Jonathan's*, lay it out in cloathing a Regiment, where I should never see a Groat on't again, or sell it for a Place at Court, to be turn'd out upon the next Revolution.

Hill. What, I warrant you'd match her to a Country Justice, that like some of our modern Commissioners, has no more Sense than to commit Old Women for Witchcraft, or some blockheadly Mayor of a Corporation, with a Country Mace carry'd before him like a Chocolate Mill——Well, you old Men have the most unaccountable Reasons for disposing your Daughters; one marries her to a Fool, because he's a-kin to Quality; another to a Knave, because he's a Man in vogue, and expects Preferment; a third superstitious old Rogue gives her to a Sot, because he's a sober Person, takes Short-Hand, and belongs to the same Congregation. I wonder what Religion there is in Love; and your Worship, for fear the Sow should baulk her Litter, wou'd marry your Daughter to a Swine——Oh the joys of a Country Life, to mind one's Poultry, and one's Dairy, and the pretty Business of milking a Cow; then the soft Diversions of riding on horse-back, or going to a Bull-baiting, and the charming Conversation of High-Crown Hats; who can talk of nothing but their Hogs and their Husbands; For shame, Mr. *Woodcock*,

cock, since you have an Estate, you shou'd have polish'd your Family, and giv'n your Daughter a Town-Education.

Woodc. And have you, Madam, no more reverence for the Memory of your Ancestors, than to prophane a High-Crown Hat, that Token of Modesty and Humility? for since your fantastical Geers came in with Wires, Ribbons, and Laces, and your Furbelo's, with three hundred Yards in a Gown and Petticoat, there has not been a good Honswife in the Nation. ———

Then you'd give my Daughter a Town-Education? I'll tell you what the Education of a Town-Lady is:

———First, she's sent to a Dancing-School, where she's led about the Room by a smooth-fac'd Fellow, squeez'd by the Hand, and debauch'd before she comes into her Teens. I'll be sworn, Dancing-Masters, Singing-Masters, and such Followers o' the Women, make greater havock among Maiden-heads in *London*, than the *Germans* did among the fine Fiddles at the Battle of *Cremona*———

As you grow up, you learn to be very Coquette; and are taught the Languages, that you may intrigue with the whole World; and instead of rising early to inspect your Families, you stew abed till Noon, dress all the Afternoon, go to Dinner at Night, and play at Cards till the next Morning: When you have gam'd away all your Money, you take your Clothes upon Tick, and when you have run up a hundred Pounds in several Tradesmens Books, you pretend you have Husbands at the *East-Indies*, and no body can arrest you.

Hill. Why, Mr. *Woodcock*, you are perfectly scurrilous. I find the steely Soil of *Kent* has an Effect upon your Natures, as well as the Waters; but I don't wonder you shou'd abuse the poor Women, when with that petitioning Face you think you have Wit enough to correct Parliaments.

Mai. Indeed, Madam, you say right, Spleen and Ill-nature are as common in *Kent*, as Apple-dumplings: I wonder, Sir, you Satyrs, like the rest of your Brothers Monsters, hav'n't a Pair of Horns.

Woodc. And I wonder you Beaus, like the rest of your Brother Asses, hav'n't a Tail.

Enter Squib and another fighting, People interposing, Maiden and the Women shriek, and run to a Corner of the Stage.

All. Nay, good Captain, you fright the Ladies.

Lov. What's the matter, Captain?

Squ. An impudent Dog, that belongs to the last Will and Testament Office, had the Assurance to boast of Favours from my Sempstres.

Woodc. A mighty Piece of Vanity truly!

Hill. But Mr. Maiden, what makes you so terrified?

Mai. Why really, Madam, I am naturally apprehensive of a naked Sword: They say, my Mother was frighted at a Quarrel, when she was with Child o' me.

Woodc. [*Aside*] So, now the Walks begin to swarm ——— What are those Fops good for? They are too lazy to work, and too cowardly to fight ——— I'd fain have Beaus, Fidlers, Dancing-Masters, Poets, and Players, knockt o' the head as they do useless Puppies, that they mightn't over-run the Nation. [*Exit.*]

Hill. Come, Ladies, the Bell rings to Chapel; Mr. *Love-worth*, I must not force you thither contrary to your Inclinations; but Mr. Maiden's always dispos'd for the Ladies.

Lov. You, Madam, may command me any where.

[*Pushing Maiden aside.*]

Mai. Breeding!

[*Leads Mrs. Goodf.*]

Goodf. Sweet Mr. Maiden. [*Exeunt all but Squib.*]

and Pen. Reynard and Belinda appear at the upper end of the Walks.

Pen. I wonder, Captain, you'll expose your valuable Life upon such frivolous Occasions: You great Commanders should be reserv'd for more worthy Enterprizes.

Squ. Oh! Madam, I am always a Champion for the Ladies; yet I endeavour to secure my own Safety: For tho'

tho' Valour be necessary in a Soldier, most of our modern Heroes prefer good Conduct, and seldom enter upon an Engagement that surmises Danger: And really Madam, when I consider the present Scarcity of good Officers, I am forc'd to curb the Unruliness of my Passion out of a national Regard.

Pen. Sure nothing is so moving as an heroick Spirit, nor any thing so becoming as Scarlet, it looks so graceful, and darts so noble a Lustre on the Face.

Squ. And yet every pert Prig with a Patch, and a cropt Head o'Hair, pretends to a Red-Coat, forsooth; Scarlet's grown so common now-a-days one hardly knows a Colonel from a *Costermonger*.

Pen. Well, whenever I marry, I'm resolv'd to have an Officer; for, next to being a Woman of Quality, in my Mind, nothing sounds so great as the Captain's Lady.

Squ. Divine Lady, your Hand.

Pen. Noble Sir, you have it,

[*Exeunt.*

Reynard and Belinda come forward.

Bel. I own your Merit, Sir, and wou'd not slight your Love: but you know my Father's Temper, and I am fix'd never to marry without his Consent: When you have found a means to court his Favour, you may then hope for mine.

Rey. Conduct, and Courage, every way I'll prove,
First try by Prayers, and Arguments to move,
Then summon every Art and Shape of Jove;
Tho' oft repuls'd, Love still the Fight maintains,
And for each Thought we gladly beat our Brains,
When the Reward so nobly pays the Pains.

The End of the Second A C T.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

Woodcock and Reynard.

Woodc. **I**N Love with my Daughter! Ha, ha, ha, a very good Jest indeed.

Rey. Why shou'd you doubt my Passion, Mr. *Woodcock*? Have I not shewn myself a zealous Lover; follow'd her to the *Bath*, thence to *Tunbridge*; watch'd for her, courted her, and respected you?

Woodc. 'Tis true, Mr. *Reynard*, I believe you have a very great Affection for my Daughter, I must applaud your Judgment, and tell you, she deserves your Love. As to her Person, I can't say much; but she is Heiress to near six thousand Acres of Arable and Pasture; besides a good Mansion-House, with Hop-Grounds, Cherry-Gardens, and other Appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in the Parish of *Maidstone* in the County of *Kent*; and if a Woman, with such Charms, can want Followers in this Fortune-hunting Age, I am deceiv'd.

Rey. I grant you, Sir, an Estate is a comfortable Convenience; but you ought not to prefer a few dirty Acres to a Woman of Beauty.

Woodc. What signifies Beauty without Money; 'tis Money makes the Beauty——Tho' a Woman be surprisngly witty, fair to a Miracle, easy and unaffected; she's thought disagreeable without Money? but tho' she's crooked, squints, ill-natur'd, and a meer Changeling, she must be an Angel, when she's an Alderman's Daughter, and has ten thousand Pounds.——We plainly see how Beauty is valued at *London*, by the Women o' the Town. who are forc'd to live by their Faces. In Term Time, indeed, they'll squeeze

Half a Crown; after Term they are glad of Seven Groats; in the long Vacation, you may have a Fur-belo for a Tester; and your poor Whores that ply the Rose Passage, have so bad a Trade, they can scarce afford you an Anniversary clean Smock——Beauty, Mr. Reynard's a Jest; I never marry'd for't myself——Indeed, I thought the Woman well enough; but if her Fortune hadn't equal'd my Estate, we had ne'er pig'd together.——[*Aside.*] Tho' could I have lik'd her better, a Son might have inherited my Estate; for I think they say, Girls are but the Product of Half-Inclination.

Rey. Come, come, Mr. Woodcock, ne'er dispute the matter, I like your Daughter, and your Daughter likes me; 'tis true, Fortune allotted her the largest Share; but had it been my Chance, we generous Hearts marry for Love, and ne'er value Money.

Woode. Not value Money!——Very like; if it were not for such extravagant Sparks as you, that want a true sense of Money, we shou'dn't have so much Subscription-Musick, nor so many French Buffoons skipping over to run away with it——Mr. Reynard, you have unluckily discover'd yourself, and I hope now you'll not pretend to my Daughter; I shall hardly give my Estate to one that don't know the worth of it.——But, I mistake, noble Sir; I should admire your Philosophy, the Contempt of Money shews so great a Soul. 'Twould be happy for the Nation, if every Country could furnish such worthy Persons for Assessors, Collectors, and Receivers General. [Exit.]

Rey. That a plain, rough-hewn Fellow shou'd have such profound Knowledge——I own her Fortune is the chiefest Bait.——Yet I love her too; but how shall I convince him that I love her——What if I feign myself distracted!——It shall be so——That may not only move Belief, but Pity——It must be Love when the Mind seems diseas'd.

Enter Loveworth.

Lov. Frank Reynard contemplative! What mighty Business

Business can there be depending, that should make thee thoughtful?—— Yonder come the two Fools *Squib* and *Maiden*, you know the Opposition of their Tempers—— Lets set 'em together by the Ears, 'twill make Sport.

Key. 'Prithce, *Ned*, enjoy the whole Diversion thy self, I have greater Matters to mind. [Exit.

Low. Go thy ways for a Brainfick Fellow : Pox o' the Women, I say, this damn'd Love spoils all manner of Society.

Enter *Squib*.

Squ. Mr. *Loveworth*, I beg a multitude of Pardons, I shou'd rob you of my self so long ; but I have been earnestly engag'd in mediating a prodigious Quarrel between two Members of the Kit-Cat Club, that challeng'd about a Pun.

Low. I find, Captain, you are the grand Umpire o' the Nation—— But, I wonder, how you ambitious Officers can rest satisfy'd with trifling away your Time at *Tunbridge*, when your Assistance is so much wanted in *Italy*.

Squ. Indeed, Mr. *Loveworth*, when I reflect how much my Presence would encourage the whole Army, on the Consideration of a good Preferment, next Campaign I may oblige the Allies ; but you must know, Sir, we military Gentlemen have a mighty Tendernefs for one another's Fame ; and I should be very cautious of performing any thing, to eclipse my very good Friend Prince *Eugene*—— But Mr. *Loveworth*, here comes *Maiden*, prithee let's teaze him a little—— What if we get him to the Tavern, and make him drunk ?

Low. With all my heart.

Enter *Maiden*.

They say, Mr. *Maiden*, you are in the Lampoon that came out this Morning, for having an Affair with Mrs. *Motion*, your Landlady's Chambermaid.

Mai. That's an impudent Report, Mr. *Loveworth*,
only

only to spoil one's Reputation among the Ladies; for 'tis well known I have more Modesty, and never lay with a Woman in my Life.

Squ. And will your Virtue gain you any Credit with the Ladies, you silly Toad: If you wou'd settle an Interest there, you must swear you ha' worry'd half the Sex; but thou hastn't Wit enough to subdue any thing above a Sempstress.

Mai. Lord! What signifies Wit? How particular a Wit would look at Court now-a days. Your poor scoundrel Wits are forc'd to cringe to us Men of Figure ——— I'm to have a Dedication next Winter: Well, a Dedication is the prettiest thing ——— To see one's own Name in the Front of a Book ——— To the Honourable *Francis Maiden, Esq;* ——— Then to have the World told of one's Airs and Equipage, and the Valour of one's Ancestors ——— You may talk what you will of your Wit and Sense, but you'd part with all your Qualifications to have my Complexion.

Squ. O Lord, Complexion! who the Devil minds that? And hast thou the Assurance to despise Men of Wit, and value thyself upon thy white Gloves, thy Honey water Bottle, and thy painted Face?

Mai. Well, were it not for a little Art, one shou'd look like other People: But what then, 'tis only a Wash from the *Dove* in *Salisbury* Court, which all the Quality use; and, tho' I say it, when my Face is set out to the best Advantage, it has given many a Lady a Palpitation at the Heart ——— But you know, Captain, we have agreed not to quarrel: I hate testy Folks; when I was at School, I cou'd never abide the Boys; they were always wrangling and fighting: but I lov'd mightily to play with the Girls, and dress Babies, and all my Acquaintance now never quarrel'd in their Lives.

Low. No! what sort of People are they, good now?

Mai. Oh! the best Creatures in the World? we have such Diversion when we meet together, at my Chambers; there's *Beau Simper*, *Beau Rabbitsface*, *Beau Eithersex*, *Colonel Coachpole*, and *Count Drivel*,
that

that sits with his Mouth open, the prettiest Company at a Bowl of Virgin-Punch; we never make it with Rum or Brandy—— like your Sea-Captains, but two Quarts of Mead to half a Pint of White-Wine, Lemon-Juice, Burridge, and a little Perfume; then we never read Gazettes, nor talk of *Venlo* and *Vigo*, like your Coffee-House Fellows, but play with Fans, and mimic the Women; *Shream, hold up our Tails, make Curt'sies, and call one another Madam*—— But Mr. *Love-worth*, are you for the Dancing at *Southborough* to-night? I'm going to be all new dress'd.

Low. Ay, but we are too soon yet; let's take a Flask first at the *Rummer*.

Mai. O Lard! I never go to the Tavern.

Squ. But faith you shall; Mr. *Love-worth*, let's force him along.

Mai. O Lard! I shall be ravish'd; Captain, you are the rudest Man, as I hope to be sav'd I'll call out: Well, don't tumble a body then, and I will go; but I never drink any thing but *Rhenish* and Sugar.

Squ. Damn Rotgut *Rhenish*, we'll have Mrs. *Motion's* Health in a Bumper of *Barcelona*.

Mai. O! she's a bold Pullet.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Woodcock and Belinda. A Chair, Woodcock sits.

Woodc. Belinda, come hither.

Bel. [*Aside.*] Now shall I be ask'd a thousand more whimsical cross Questions, than a bashful Witness by an impudent Yelper at the *Old Bailey*.

Woodc. What Notion ha' you of Mankind?

Bel. Notion, Sir! I think of 'em as the rest o' my Sex do.

Woodc. As the rest of her Sex do—— I never knew a Woman give a direct Answer in my Life; but if I must explain your Meaning, that's as much as to say, you think of nothing else—— But pray, Madam,—— If I may be so bold—— What mighty Acquaintance and Intimacy—— is there between Mr. *Reynard* and you?

Bel.

Bel. Mr. Reynard, Sir! no more than what's general; I have no farther Knowledge of him, than the Freedom of the Place allows.

Woodc. The Freedom o' the Place! ——— Why if you know as much of him as the Freedom of the Place allows, you have known him in every Sense and Item; for what Lewdness is there this damn'd Place don't countenance? ——— Look you, Daughte, I smell your Affections, and resolve to spoil the Intrigue; therefore be pleas'd to bundle up your Night-Clothes, your Patches, Pomatum, and the rest of your Trumpery; for positively I'll be gone to-morrow ——— When I think it seasonable for you to marry, I'll take care to provide you a Husband myself.

Bel. But I hope, Sir, you will not enjoin me any Man contrary to my Inclinations.

Woodc. Your Inclinations! ——— Perhaps your Inclinations are to half the Sex; I know very well you are for a Beau; a flattering Coxcomb, that would make you believe your Eyes were a Pair of Flamboys, and cringe to you with bits of Love-Songs in a damn'd Counter-Tenor Voice. ——— [*Singing.*] *Then prithee, prithee, give me gentle Boy* ——— But I shan't leave my Estate to a Periwig-Block; and since that must descend with you, I shall consult my own Judgment, and not your Inclinations; therefore if your Ladyship don't think fit to marry whom I shall assign, you may e'en fast till your Stomach comes to you; I leave you to think of that, and prepare for your Journey. [*Exit.*]

Bel. What Noise and Discord sordid Interest breeds! Oh! That I had shar'd a levell'd State of Life,
With quiet humble Maids, exempt from Pride,
And Thoughts of worldly Dross that marr their Joys;
In any Sphere, but a distinguish'd Heiress,
To raise my Envy, and oppose my Love,
Fortune, Fortune, why did you give me Wealth to make
me wretched? [*Weeps.*]

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. Belinda in Tears ——— Now has that old
Rogue

Rogue been plaguing her—— Poor Soul ! She weeps more heartily than ever I did, when I was whipt for Romping : I find People have two great Satisfactions in Children ; first to get 'em, and then to cros 'em : But were he my Father, I'd sooner break his Heart than he shou'd force a Tear from my Eyes—— Come, Child, let's retire, and take a chirping Dram, Sorrow's dry ; I'll divert you with the new Lampoon, 'tis a little smutty ; but what then ? we Women love to read those things in private.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucy.

Luc. How many Resolutions have I made to be virtuous ? and cou'd never keep 'em above two Hours : Therefore I design never to make any more —— This *Tunbridge* is the Devil ; for here are so many handsome Fellows proffering Love, that let a body protest never so much against it, there always comes some rub 't the way.

Rey. [*Without, singing.*]

Luc. Bless me, here's Mr. *Reynard*, that's just run distracted, they say, for Mrs. *Belinda*, the Yeoman of *Kent's* Daughter ; I'll swear a good clean-limb'd sort of a Man——What pity 'tis he wants his Understanding ?

Enter Reynard Singing.

Rey. Then mad, very mad let us be, &c.

Luc. Poor Gentleman ! How active he seems to be : Well, of all things I love a brisk Man—— Pray, Sir, how long have you been mad ?

Rey. Ever since I first saw a Woman : Woman fir'd my Breast, rak'd my Soul, and confounded all my Senses.

Luc. Good lack, was there ever any thing so strange ! I hope he's mad for me too—— Sure, Sir, that was some cruel Creature, that didn't return you Love for Love ; I fancy a kind Nymph wou'd recover your Wits again.

Rey. The whole Sex are kind, I meet no Opposition ; for now honourable Love is out of date, and Maidenheads

Maidenheads are Drugs that lie upon their hands ; you^u may have 'em like Eggs, ten a Groat.

Luc. Indeed, I'm glad then I sold mine before they came so cheap.

Rey. But if they resist me ; then I grow outrageous, storm, stare, rave, and force all I meet.

Luc. My Stars ! The Man talks strangely terrible, if a body was afraid on't ; I believe, Sir, you, like other Knight-Errants o' the Age, boast a great deal more than you perform.

Rey. No, I am all Action, my Life, my Soul ; thou Varnisher of thy Mistress's Imperfection, Cabinet of her Intrigues, Heiress of old Cloaths, and Mender of fusty foul Linen.

*[Tumbles her, throws her down, and goes out
Singing : Then mad, very mad let us be, &c.]*

Luc. Was there ever such a Whelp, to throw a body down———and then run away ; but I'll go tell my Lady ; for if he should meet her in this wild Fit, she'd be quite scar'd.

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. I have put all the Mischief imaginable into *Belinda's* Head, and have left her to mase on't———Now for my own Matters———This Music, Rambling, Tea, and Scandal, are very pleasant, but all don't secure the Main Chance, and that must be done before I leave *Tunbridge* : For faith, I'm so damnably in debt, I dare n't shew my Head in Town, till I have got some body to clear Scores———Here comes *Woodcock*, if I cou'd trap the old Fellow now for a Husband, what Variety of young Lovers wou'd his Estate purchase ! ———Sure no body in this World had eves greater Occasion for a Fool than I have at present.

Enter Woodcock.

Woodc. Who wou'd be troubl'd with Daughters ? those Puff-paste Things, that like Race-Horses, cost one more in keeping than they are worth ; for my Daughter,

ter, she's made up of nothing but Pride and Disobedience; and if her Vanity's but the least oppos'd, then she's sick, and nothing but *Tunbridge* will cure her—— That People shou'd come hither for Air, a damn'd Hole amidst a Parcel of confounded Hills more stifling than a Bagnio, and stinks worse than the Upper-Gallery in hot Weather—— I am plagu'd to that degree, that cou'd I meet a Woman in any measure abating the Impertinence of her, I wou'd yet hope a Son, only to disappoint my Daughter's Expectations.

Hill. [*Aside.*] Then e'en take me, and try what you can do. I'll employ the Hint; this may be the lucky Minute for aught I know—— I begin, Mr. *Woodcock*, to be tir'd of this noisy Town-Life, and wou'd fain settle in the Country: D'you know never an old Shepherd that's in mighty distress for a Wife.

Woodc. He must be in a damnable Distress indeed, that wou'd marry a *London* Lady.

Hill. Oh! Mr. *Woodcock*! a Woman bred in *London* makes the best Country Wife; for being surfeited with Hurry and Confusion, Solitude is a perfect *Elysium*; 'tis like reposing one's self after a fatiguing Journey; and of all Parts I shou'd chuse *Kent*: They say, you *Kentish* Men are the best-natur'd People, and make the kindest Husbands in the World; I know several Ladies extremely fond of *Kent*.

Woodc. Very like; most of you Town Ladies are naturally fond of strong *Kentish* Men—— But pray, Madam, what has made you such a Friend to the Country, who but now took so much pains to ridicule it; tho' few regard what your Sex say, since 'tis agreed, Woman ne'er spoke her Meaning yet: for your Minds are so very mutable, that whatever you think at present, you're of a quite different Opinion before you can utter it.

Hill. But the Thoughts of Marriage, Sir, are more solid; and tho' a flashy Fop may divert one for a quarter

ter of an Hour, were I to chuse a Companion for Life, nothing's so agreeable as your Humour.

Woode. My Humour! ——— Why you haven't a Design upon me, Madam? 'Sdeath, she has almost given me a *Kentish* Ague ——— Marry thee. No Faith, I'd sooner breed out o' my Wall-ey'd Mare, for whatever she may be for Beauty, I should have one at least that wou'dn't talk me to Death.

Hill. Thou art a rude Beast, and 'tis pity any thing that's human shou'd couple with thee.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Oh! Madam, the saddest Accident! poor Mr. *Reynard's* quite raving mad; he met me just now in this place, and threw me down after that robust manner, I thought he wou'd have ravish'd me.

Woode. Mad! ha, ha, ha, very diverting truly, a rattle-headed *London* Rake, to give out he's mad! Why, who the Devil e'er thought him otherwise, ev'ry body's mad there ——— Lawyers are mad in finding out new Querks to make their Clients more mad ——— Poets after new Whimfies ——— Physicians after new Poisons ——— Musicians, whose Brains are scatter'd into Semi-quavers, and Women have been mad from the Creation.

Enter Reynard.

Rey. I have been talking to the Weather-Cock on yonder Church-Steeple, and 'tis the prettiest tating Company, I fancied myself at the Drawing-Room amongst all the Ladies ——— [*To Woodcock.*] ——— Ha! Who art thou with that blustering Face like the North-Wind at the Corner of an old Map? Ha, ha, ha ——— Nay, ben't angry, good *Boreas*; thou look'st like a wise Politician, we'll talk of State-Affairs; prithee call for Pipes, and let's smoke the Nation; bring me some Gunpowder.

Woode. Gunpowder!

Rey. Ay, Gunpowder; thou art one of those heavy, thinking Animals that funk Tobacco; I'm a Courtier,
and

and Courtiers smoke Gunpowder, for they are all flash;
 ——— I'll tell you News ——— There's a Civil
 War broke out among the Cards, the four Knaves are to
 be no longer Court-Cards ——— Pam is a sly, cring-
 ing Parasite, flatters ev'ry body, buys of ev'ry body,
 and pays no body ——— The Knave of Diamonds
 borrows other People's Wit, and begs other People's
 Estates ——— The Knave of Spades is a Court-Rake,
 scours the Streets, breaks Windows, and beats the
 Watch ——— And the Knave of Hearts is a fine dress-
 ing Courtier that debauches the Citizens Wives; besides,
 the whole Pack are up in Arms; the four Queens are to
 be banish'd, and the four Kings depos'd.

Woodc. Why so?

Rey. Because each petty Card is like a grumbling
 Common-wealth's Man that hates Monarchy, and will
 allow no body to be above himself ——— But I have
 made peace.

Woodc. How?

Rey. Why henceforward there's to be no hereditary
 Honour, Money's to be made Protector; and ev'ry
 paultry Cit that has but ten thousand Pounds to purchase
 a Title, is to be made a Peer.

Hill. Why, that fancy now wou'd be very pleasant,
 to have some of our Citizens Ennobl'd; I warrant we
 shou'd have my Lord *Ladenball*, Count *Cheapside*, and
 the Earl of *Stocks-Market*.

Rey. But hang Politicks, Pleasure's my Business: Let
 dull, studious Mortals poise the tottering Globe, I am
 light as Air; and make a Tennis-Ball of the World,
 taste ev'ry Diversion without Care, that's always new,
 because it leaves no Impression; and feed on the Sweets
 of a ravishing Mistress, without the puny Sense of
 Love ——— But where's *Belinda*? Where's my lovely
 Charmer? We'll steal together to some secret Wood,
 and there we'll rest ourselves from all Mankind; care-
 lessly on some rising Bank we'll lie, shaded by Myrtles,
 fann'd with gentle Gales, and lull'd by purling Rivers
 into Sleep.

[*Stands fix'd.*
Hill.

Hill. Now are not you an old Brute to occasion a poor Gentleman's Distraction, and have no more Charity?

Woodc. Charity! — — — Why, Madam, shou'd half the Town run mad for my Daughter, must I ruin my Family to recover their Wits? Wou'd your Ladyship's Charity marry a Man under the Gallows to save him from being hang'd — — — Look you, Sir, I understand the World, and can see thro' these Stage Devices; therefore, if your Worship thinks you have less Wit than you brought down with you, and suspect you have been robb'd here, you'd e'en sue the County. [Exit.

Rey. Curse on his rustic Sense, 'twill never take: What's to be done, *Hillaria*?

Hill. Ne'er be discourag'd, Man; when you engage an obstinate old Miser, fortify'd with Experience, you attack a strong-bullt Town; ev'ry Stratagem must be thought of, and ev'ry Faculty employed — — — I swear, were it not for her Estate, one wou'dn't take so much pains about the Creature; indeed her Face is well enough, but she has a Shape like a Candle; then she's horrid silly, for when one tells her of a likely Fellow, she cries, my Father — — — If the rest o' the World were but half as 'fraid of the Devil as she is of that old Toast, he'd hardly have so much Pow'r over us — — — I hate any thing so mealy-mouth'd.

Rey. Prithee, *Hillaria*, leave this Woman's railing, and say, what Course shall I take?

Hill. Well, you Men are the saddest Souls at an Intrigue without the Assistance of our Sex — — — Come, I'll tell you what's to be done — — — You know he's mightily averse to any thing of a Gentleman, and resolves to marry her to some Country Grazier like himself: D'you assume that Habit, forge a Commendatory Letter from some Neighbour of his, whose Name you may easily learn, and carry it with all the Impudence of *Fuller*; and if that don't cozen the old Fellow, I'll be doom'd to die

die a Virgin, and that's a damnable hard Sentence.

Rey. By Heav'n, I like the Project, and will about it instantly.

Hill. For my part, I'll e'en go make Love to Mr. Maidens; 'tis a sign our Sex are in sad want of Husbands, when we are forc'd to court the Men: but my Pride must be supported; and, faith, I know the Town too well, to lose any thing for want of Assurance.

Rey. Come, *Hillaria*.

*The' Fortune, like the wav'ring Sun-shine dance,
With constant Eyes I'll humour ev'ry Glance;
No Jars, no Crosses shall my Hopes destroy,
New Ways I'll study, and new Arts employ,
And, in all Shapes, pursue th' amorous Bey.*

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT IV.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Maiden.

Mai. I'm glad I ha' got away from 'em; I hate the stinking Taverns, and they made one drink Bumpers o' four Claret, without so much as Nutmeg and Sugar——Here comes Mrs. *Hillaria*, if she wou'd but make Love to me now; for tho' we Beaus seldom care for Marriage, 'tis pretty to have the Ladies fond of us.

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. Mr. Maiden, we have wanted you extremely at the Tea Table; I heard you weae'n't well.

Mai.

Mai. Indeed, Madam, I was forc'd to lie down a little: I'm but a weakly Body, this hot Weather over; comes one strangely.

Hill. Nay, really, I have often accus'd the Tyranny of the Mode, in obliging you to wear those great Wigs; 'tis well you Beaus are not inclin'd to be hot-headed

———— But Summer-time is tedious to ev'ry body: I wonder how so many fat Gentlemen can endure the Green all Day, though 'tis pleasant enough to look out of a Window, and observe 'em ——— To see a Tun o' Grease, with a broad fiery Face, and a little black Cap, waddle after a Bowl, rub, rub, rub, rub, and lose more Fat, in getting a Shilling ——— than wou'd yield him a Crown at the Tallow-Chandler's.

Mai. Why, truly, Madam, we have a world of greasy Beaus about Town, I fancy half the Gentlemen o'the last Age married their Cook-Maids: But I never appear upon the Green amongst 'em, for in two Minutes one is tanh'd so abominably; besides, I hate those fatiguing Diversions.

Hill. Then your *Kentish-Men* here are for leaping, and throwing a great Iron Bar; as if the slavish Exercises of a Porter, cou'd heighten the Character of a Gentleman.

Mai. These *Kentish* Folks value themselves so much upon their Strength; and because they carry'd a few Boughs against *William* the Conqueror, they talk of bearing Oak-Trees. I warrant in time, they'll pretend to remove the City of *London* into their own Country

———— Some People too, are fond of a Horse: I wonder what Pleasure there is in jumbling one's Bones to a Jelly; I'm sure I was as weak once with riding a Mile and a half, as if I had lain in: But I love a Spring-chariot mightily; and there's nothing we Beaus take more pride in, than a Sett of genteel Footmen. I never have any but what wear their own Hair, and I allow 'em a Crown a Week for Gloves and Powder: If one shoud'n't, they'd steal horribly to set themselves out; for now, not one in ten is without a Watch,

Watch, and a nice Snuff-Box, with the best Orantery; and the Liberty of the Upper-Gallery has made them so confounded pert, that as they wait behind one at Table, they'll either put in their Word, or mimick a body, and People must bear with 'em, or else pay 'em their Wages.

Hill. Nay, a shining Equipage soothes my Vanity to the last degree; we shall make the most suitable Couple!

Mai. [*Aside.*] Couple ——— I knew she wanted a-body.

Hill. And really *Mr. Maiden*, to conceal the matter no longer, I am in love with you to death.

Mai. Truly, Madam, Marriage is a thing I hav'n't thought on yet.

Hill. That Mien, Air, Face, Wit, Shape, that moving Softness, and those sparkling Eyes, at once have rais'd me to the height of Joy, and thrown me to the bottom of Despair.

Mai. [*Aside.*] She's mighty fond, methinks, she may be a Cheat for aught I know; for so many rakish Women come down to *Tunbridge*, to make their Fortunes among us Men of Estates, that if a-body ha'n't great care, one may be stole ——— How shall I get away from her! ——— Madam, I'll but just step into the Back-yard, and wait on you presently.

[*Exit.*]

Hill I find nothing can be made of this Fellow; there's somewhat in his Nature contrary to Love. ——— Oh! here comes my spruce Militia Captain, as remarkable for Impudence, as the other for Modesty ——— With what variety of Fools is this Place supply'd!

Enter Squib.

Squ. [*Aside.*] A flinching Son of a *Succubus*, to pretend calling for a Looking-glass, and sneak away. ——— My Mistress ——— Hem ——— Now for my Rhetorick. ——— Madam, I am ravish'd with your Air, the Lustre of your Eyes, the Acuteness of your Wit, and

and the Symmetry of your Person; there is not a Lady whose Presence I admire more throughout the cosnical System.

Hill. I find, Captain, you have an Eloquence to engage the Women, as well as Valour to subdue the Men; but, 'tis my Misfortune not to be touch'd with those extraordinary Faculties that bait so many of my Sex.

Squ. Some Ladies, indeed, are of a cold Constitution; but can you, Madam, object to one Particular, throughout the finish'd Catalogue of my Perfections? But 'tis the general Fate of us Men o' the Fashion, to captivate the Crowd o' Ladies, and yet be slighted by a single She we love.

[Sings.

*Take me, take me, while you may,
Venus comes not every Day.*

Hill. [Aside.] Was there ever such a Coxcomb? ——— I must own, Captain, your Graces are very insinuating; but, so many Reasons persuade me against a martial Love ——— A Woman that values her Husband, is always apprehensive of the Chance o' War; then, shou'd you be kill'd in a Battle, one must sneak to the Government for a Pension of twenty Shillings a Week to subsist half a Score Children, and hammer out the rest with Washing and Starching: Besides, a Soldier's Wife has so very little Credit abroad, that should one happen to be out o' Cash, one may want so much as a Paper o' Pins.

Squ. What, Pins! ——— Madam, you shall eat Pins ——— Those are your poor starving Officers that live by bullying, and their Wives by Callies. I have three hundred a Year in Possession, and two more in Reversion, when my Grandmother *Ptiffet* dies; so that you may have ready Money: you may go to the Tripe-Woman's with ready Money, to the Strong-Water Shop with ready Money, and to the Mercer's with ready Money; and that's what Half the Women of Quality can't pretend to ——— Then for Pedipree, the *Squibs*, Madam, are as ancient and numerous a Race as the *Hittites*, the *Jebusites*, or the *Gargisbites*: I have

Relations considerable in all parts of the World ; Don Greazywhiskers, Renegado *De Vigo*, Signior *Furioso Flammoso de Mount Aetna*, Lord *Houndsditch*, Monsieur *Nè'er a Shirt* ; and in *Holland*, my dear uncle, *Myn Heer Belch van Butter-Box* ; will not all this prevail ? Ye Stars, is there no way to make her mine ?

Hill. One way, Captain, there is, and but one : I have sworn never to yield myself without a Duel : A Woman's hardly spoke of, till she has occasion'd Bloodshed : All Ladies o' Figure, when they design to marry, conceive some way to be fought for, then receive the Conqueror to show they approve of the Deed. — Mr. *Loveworth*, Captain, is your Rival ; d'you engage him ; if you succeed, my Person is the Reward : You'll not find it difficult, he's a Coward, and will scarce stand the brunt.

Squ. [*Aside.*] A Coward ! nay, then I may venture to challenge him ——— If that be all, Madam, 'tis done a'ready ——— I'll mince the Dog ——— Rival me ! an audacious Rascal ! ——— Madam, I'll anatomize him for your Ladyship's Curiosity. ——— [*Aside.*] I'll to the Tavern, and get a little flush'd ; few have Courage enough to fight in cool Blood. Now Fortune, for my Mistress and my Fame.

'Tis my last Refuge, and if that don't win her,
O all you Gods above ——— The Devil's in her. [Exit.]

Hill. Now have I a mighty Pleasure in setting two Fellows a tilting ; shou'd one of 'em be run through, what an Air 'twill be upon the Walks, for People to observe a-body, and cry, she had a Man kill'd about her ! If they both prove Cowards, 'twill afford Mirth to see two Fools parry at a distance, they are sure not to hurt one another, and that's not unlikely in this Periwig Age. Psha ! my old Suitor, Mr. *Loveworth* ! how insipid is a Fellow's Company one has been acquainted with a Month ! I begin now to hate him so very heartily, that the Devil take me if I don't ——— marry him ——— But what Humour shall I affect ? in the Morning I rally'd him, now I'll ha' the Spleen, that will

will give him an Opinion of my Understanding; for the most fashionable sign of a modern great Wit, is a great deal of Ill-Nature.

Enter Loveworth.

Love. Save you, save you, Madam! What, melancholy!

Hill. One's apt to be so, Sir, at the approach of dull Company.

Low. Oh, she has got the Spleen, I'll fetch her out of that presently. *[Sings, and dances a Minuet.]*

Hill. Now were I really out of Humour, splenetick, and sick even to Death, that Minuet wou'd set me a dancing. *[Sings the same Tune, and dances.]* I find, Mr. Loveworth, 'tis in vain for us Women to assume Ill-Nature with you Men, that know our blind side.

Low. We know, Madam, your Natures are not rough, but you, Ladies, so damnably dissemble Cruelty, where you find you are belov'd, we don't know what to make on't.

Hill. Good Sir don't mention Love, that will give me the Vapours indeed: But where's *Belinda*, Mrs. *Goodfellow*, *Penelope*, and the rest o' the Company?

Low. O! Madam, they are all got to Cards in the Summer-House at the lower end of the Garden.

Hill. At Cards, and I here! Heav'n forgive me, I don't use to slip an opportunity of getting Money; I'll be with 'em this moment; but, dear Mr. Loveworth, that Minuet again.

[Both sing, and go out in the Minuet Step. Exeunt.]

Enter Woodcock *with a Letter, and Reynard in a Country Habit.*

Woodc. *[Reading.]* Numerous Tenements—Great store of Cattle—And Lands very extensive in *Ramney-Marsh*—*[Aside.]* A most convenient Place for my Owling-Trade, exporting Wool, and running *French Goods*—I find, Sir, you are recommended to me or a Son-in-Law.

Rey. Yes.

Woodc. Pray what Estate may you have about *Remy-Marsh*?

Rey. Estate, why I have Estate enough to set up who I please for Parliament-Man, and when I ha' done, think I ha' Wit enough to gi'n Instructions how he shall behave himself.

Woodc. A notable Fellow this; no great Orator I see, but his Meaning's good.

Rey. Now, pray, what has your Daughter? for if her Vortune don't answer my Estate, I'll not have her, be she a Cherubim, touse me.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] My own humour——He knows the Market, I find, and I warrant has bought many a Horse——And I'd have a Man inspect a Wife as he does a Horse; see if she has all her Teeth, and her Quarters tight and sound! I'm sure, he that marries a London Dame, has Reason enough to do't; for the better sort, what with drinking hot Liquors, and eating Sugar-Plumbs at Church, not one in ten has a Tooth left; and, for the middle sort, I don't believe there's an Orange-Woman at the Play-house, or a Sempstress on the Exchange, that's Pepper-proof.——Well, Friend, I'll shew you my Daughter, if you like her Person, you may find her worth more than you imagine. [*Exit.*]

Rey. An honest old Fellow——So, thus far the Plot succeeds; but how shall I bind him in relation to the Estate——That's easy——'Tis but getting a few false Deeds, and the matter's done——We can't want Forgery or Perjury while the Nation affords Lawyers.

Re-enter Woodcock with Belinda.

Woodc. Daughter, use him courteously, and endeavour to like him; his Estate joined to yours will make you the greatest Woman in the Country.

Rey. A Strapper, i'Faith——a well-built Lass, tho' white and red like a Stockgillflower, and a choice pair of Udders——I must taste her——b'your leave, forsooth

The Yeoman of Kent.

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forsooth——[*Kisses her.*] As tender as a Pullet, and I warrant as juicy as a Burgundy Payre.

Bel. Please to sit, Sir.

[*They sit.*]

Rey. They say we shall have a good Crop t'Year.

Bel. As the Weather proves, Sir.

Rey. Ay———Tzeems, forsooth, I and you are to be Zweet-hearts, and lig together for the good of our kind———Nay pray you now be'nt so shy; look a little smirking upon a body———do———If I don't love you with all my Soul, Heart's blood, Liver and Lights, I'se gi' you leave to make a Harcelet of me.

Woodc. Very well, but I'll leave 'em together, 'tis a't fair to observe Lovers.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. [*Rising*] Ha, ha, ha, methinks, Sir, the Clown's very natural, and the Gentleman but affected; I'd advise you to wear this Habit always, turn perfect Farmer, and go to Plow.

Rey. In the Field of Love, Madam, I agree with you? You see what Forms and Shapes you have Power to turn us into; I'm glad you kept your Countenance, for tho' a Design may be carried on to the very finishing Point, your giggling Sex are apt to burst out and spoil all———but, dear Creature, let's contrive some way to be married instantly, for fear of a Discovery.

Bel. The only way I can think of is to solicit him in *Propria Persona*, which you know he'll ne'er consent to; and the more you press him for Mr. Reynard the Gentleman, the more you hasten the Match with Mr. Reynard the Clown.

Rey. My Life, my Angel, let me hug thee for thy Invention——'Dsdeath, the old Man, let's be a little familiar.

[*They sit.*]

[*Sings*] *I'll tell you a Story, a Story so Merry,*

[*Woodcock Enters.*]

Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury,

And of his House-keeping, and high Renown,

Which made him repair to fair London Town.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Woodc. So, so, I'm glad to see 'em so great already.

Rey. *How now, quoth King John, 'tis told unto me,
That thou keepest a far better House than I,
If thou dost not answer me Questions three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, &c.*

You see, forsooth, I'se no fine Singer, but i'faith I'se be th' loudest every Sunday in our Church for all that ; haugh.

Woodc. Come *Belinda*, I'll relieve your Modesty the first time ; the Ladies enquire for you — Well, Sir, can you love my Daughter ?

Rey. Love her ! ay, better than I do Beef and Pudding ; why she's a Boncritten — but i'faith we'se not part so — [*Kisses her.*] By my troth as pretty a Morfel as a Mon wou'd desire to feed on.

[*Sings*] *And if thou dost not answer me Questions three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, &c.*

[*Exeunt Woodcock and Reynard.*

Enter Hillaria.

Hill. I have heard all, *Belinda*, and applaud my own good Genius, but Intrigues of my forming generally prosper ; I often fancy I cou'd write a Play.

Bel. Why don't you try, *Hillaria* ?

Hill. No ! really, *Belinda*, a Poetess is so scandalous a Character ; for when a Woman has the Face to appear at the Rehearsals, and teach Actors their Parts, her Assurance will scruple at nothing ; besides Women Writers have quite lost their Reputation, for in Love-Scenes their Thoughts are so loose, and their Expressions so open and unveil'd, the Ladies can't be seen at a Performance of their own Sex ; and Obscenity in a Woman is so odious — Well, *Belinda*, I long to see thee in a Lover's Arms settled at London, and dress'd like other People : Lord ! how the Women
of

of Quality would titter to see a High-Crown Hat in the front Seat o' the Box: Thou art good-natur'd, Child, to suffer these Impositions; should any old Humourist force a Steeple on my Head, I'd make more noise in his Ears than if 'twere a Church-Steeple with a whole Set o' Bells in it.

Bel. A ridiculous Habit reflects more on those that impose it, than on us, where Dependence forces a Subjection; but if I should visit *London*, you'll instruct your Friend, *Hillaria*: for tho' frequenting *Tunbridge* may render one not awkward, I shall be a perfect Novice in half the Town-Airs.

Hill. Why truly, *Belinda*, tho' our Observation be all trifle, a Woman that is well vers'd in the Niceties of Behaviour, is thought no small Politician; for in the first place, if you should shew a refin'd Education, you must be very timorous, and fearful, skream at the jolt of a Coach, or the pop of a Pistol, die away at the sight of a Rat; all well-bred Ladies are frighted at every thing but a Man——Then you must be taken ill at publick Places, tho' not like my Lady *Fullmoon* that fainted away in a high Colour; but to humour a Swooning with a pretty Paleness, causes an agreeable Disturbance, and gives one an opportunity to be supported by the Man one likes; then the next Morning, there's such rattling with Footmen, which makes one considerable in the Neighbourhood, from this Lady and that Lady, tho' we hate one another mortally, to know how one's Head, and one's Stomach does, and how one rested that Night; and I all the while in my Closet at a couple of cold Chickens, and a Tankard o' Sherry.

Bel. But what Amusements have you there?

Hill. Oh! innumerable! My Head turns round with the promiscuous Enjoyment: There's the Play, where I generally fiddle in about the middle of the second Act, that People may think I have been detain'd on some important Affair; if 'tis a Tragedy, I turn my Rump and talk to the Beaus behind; b &

the Comedy's very pleasant, if 'tis but abusive ; I love Satire strangely : Then *Hyde-Park*, oh ! *Hyde-Park* does ravish me.

Bel. But there you have no Conversation.

Hill. That's nothing, a world of pretty things may be done without Speech ; but though our Tongues are silent, we discourse still.

Bel. How so ?

Hill. With our Fingers ; there's many an Intrigue carry'd on that way, and that's so pretty to appoint Time and Place, and not a Word spoke : That Art, they say, was invented to oblige some Men o' Quality, who wanted the Gift of Elocution. And are not these much preferable to the melancholy Country, where you may walk a whole Day, and not see a Man ? I am sure I was so mop'd there once for want of Company, I was glad to talk to the great Bull-dog——Come, Child, we'll send for a Beau to carry us to *Southborough*, and I'll tell you more.

Bel. I wonder, *Hillaria*, you'll appear with these Beaus, and always speak so despicably to 'em.

Hill. They give one Snuff, lose their Money at Cards, and pay Coach-hire. [Exit.

Loveworth and Squib meeting.

Squ. [*Aside.*] My Rival ! dear Spirit of *Burgundy* assist me — Mr. *Loveworth*, draw.

Low. Draw, Captain, upon what account ? How long have we been Enemies ?

Squ. Look you Sir, I'm for Action, and not Words : In short you have endeavour'd to deprive me of my Mistress, and must either quit the Lady, or vindicate My Pretensions.

Love. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, *Hillaria* has banter'd the Fool, I'll humour him a little——That matter, Captain, we may decide more calmly——He who has serv'd her longest, best deserves her : If we can't agree, let the Lady determine it by her own Inclina-

Squ.

Squ. [*Aside.*] Is he thereabouts! I'll pursue the point
—— Sir, the Temple of the bright *Hillaria*, I
have made the Repository of my Affections; and who
ever dares dispute the Legality of my Title, and not
justify what he says, is a Son of an *Irisb* Evidence, a
Fool, and a pitiful Coward.

Low. Nay, Captain, if you upbraid me with the Name
of Coward, my Honour's concern'd; now I will fight.

Squ. [*Looks surpriz'd.*] ——— Will you fight? ———
[*Puts up his Sword.*] Then gi' me thy Hand; now I won't
fight with you; we Men of reciprocal Courage shou'd
never fight, but a cowardly Rascal ought to be kick'd
and posted.

Low. No Captain, I seldom draw my Sword, but once
provok'd, 'tis never drawn in vain; now you shall fight.

Squ. [*Aside.*] O Lord, what shall I do now ———
Come, come, Mr. *Loveworth*, Friends should never
quarrel ——— The Lady's yours; I've a stock of Mi-
stresses, and can afford you half a Score at any time.

Low. Nay, Captain, if you won't fight, I must return
you Coward and Fool again, with that, that, and that.

[*Kicks him.*

Squ. 'Tis very well, Mr. *Loveworth*, mighty well,
superlatively well indeed; look you, Sir, I shall meet
you one dusky Evening in *St. James's Park*.

Low. And what will you do then Sir?

Squ. Why, Sir, I'll order two or three of the Sentry to
fling you into the Canal.

Low. Will you so Sir!

[*Kicks him again.*

Squ. Nay, now ——— I will walk off.

[*Exit.*

Low. Thus Flash of Valour gilds the least Pretence,
Thus Lawyers banal and rise by Impudence,
Huffing for Courage passes, Noise for Sense;
By all appearance how the World's deceiv'd,
Grave Dulness, Wisdom, canting Zeal's believ'd;
But were Desert, like Metal, to be try'd,
And each Pretender shou'd the Test abide,
How many a Hero buffs without a Soul?
How many a Statesman would be found a Fool?

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE *continues.**Enter Woodcock and Reynard.*

Woodc. **I** Tell you. Mr. Reynard, my Daughter shall have no *London* Husband; I must have a Man that understands Farming, and will improve my Estate, raise Portions for younger Children, and yet double it to the eldest——Whereas your Town Gentlemen spend more in a Month than they receive in a Quarter; know nothing of their Lands, till they come to assign and set over; and I don't believe there's an Estate at Court, but is mortgag'd to an Alderman in the City.

Rey. [*Aside.*] How perverse is Age? One may sooner civilize a Satyr, convert a *Jew*, or reduce a Woman from her Pride and Vanity, than persuade an old Fellow out of a rooted Obstinacy——But, Mr. *Woodcock*, you have Reason, and shou'd argue exceptionally, the Age may be extravagant enough; but d'you think it impossible for the Town to afford Men of Conduct and good Management?

Woodc. Not impossible, I grant you; but you may as well look for Cleanliness in *Scotland*, Money in *France*, or Wit and Manners at *Amsterdam*, as Sobriety in *London*——To be plain, you are People of no Principles, you have neither Religion, nor common Morality; and I desire, Mr. *Reynard*, you'll desist your Pretensions: In short, I have engag'd a Person, fitter for my Daughter's Purpose, and more agreeable to my Temper.

Rey. What, the *Romney-Marsh* Gentleman, *Humphry Hbble*, Esq; ha, ha, ha!

Woodc. [*Aside.*] How the Devil came he to know him?

Rey. Mr. *Woodcock*, to convince you, you have a wrong Notion of us bred in Town, I'll be frank——Your Daughter and I are agreed; she receiv'd the
Country-

Countryman only to humour you, and told me all that pass'd between 'em, how he loll'd in his Chair like a drunken Justice, entertain'd her with a wretched old Song, and grunted out his Love after that boorish manner, she fancy'd her self in a Hogsty ——— Since you see, Mr. *Woodcock*, I won't abuse you, allow me generous, and ratify our Affections.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] The Curse of Maidenheads light upon the whole Sex ——— Mr. *Reynard*, I must confess, you are a very generous Person, and to return your Generosity, I will this Moment marry my Daughter to the Countryman — I shall spoil her Fop Intrigue; that Women shou'd be such Fools to fall in love with Periwigs and lac'd Coats; but 'twill be so, let a Man shew but a fair Outside, they don't care if he has no more Brains than a Grand Jury. [*Exit.*]

Rey. Ha, ha, ha! now for my Country-Face again.

Enter Loveworth.

Ned Loveworth sauntering about like an idle Courtier, or a poor Poet in search of a Dinner!

Low. 'Tis true, *Frank*, I have no Heiresses to follow, nor cross Misers to attack; but I have a Mistress too, and a very whimsical one; for tho' she admits me to 'squire her about, she won't suffer me to mention Love.

Rey. She'll consent the sooner; Women seldom care to talk of Love, till they resolve upon the Action, because they hate to be tantaliz'd.

Low. Well, my dear Friend, and how go Matters?

Rey. Swimmingly, swimmingly, *Ned*, I assumed all the Clownishness imaginable: No true Peasant, bred amongst Cattle in the *Wild o' Kent*, or the *Peak* in *Derbyshire*, could have had a more rustic Air.

Low. Thou wert always a good Mimic, *Frank*: But can'st thou really lay aside all Conscience and Honesty, and have the Face to marry this Lady, and bubble the Yeoman out of such a prodigious Estate?

Rey. Conscience and Honesty! ha, ha, ha! thou shoud'st ha' been born seven Ages ago; those things are obliterated.

obliterated now-a-days; and for the face o' the matter, a Man of Intrigue must have a face for every thing: the Women indeed are easily subdu'd; coquet Ladies, like *Hillaria*, you win with Mimickry and Scandal; an old Maid that's miserably pitted with the Small-pox, you must praise her Youth and Beauty: to a young Creature you must talk modestly, to a Widow mathematically: but to surprize old Fathers that inspect our Designs, requires a Masterpiece of Nature—— To deceive a Country Yeoman, I'm a Clown you see—— To please a rich Serjeant, I cou'd be a spruce Barrister, come to the Court powder'd beyond a Side-Box Beau, give a hem, and cry, May it please you, My Lord, and you Gentlemen of the Jury—— Nay, to curry with a superstitious old Uncle, I cou'd put on a precise, conventicle Face, and look as mortify'd as your sneaking Citizens do of late, since the Downfall of the Whig-Party. In short, *Ned*, if you wou'd rise in the World, you must have a Face for ev'ry thing—— Why, the Women give us that Example, who, they say, are arriv'd to that perfection in Washes, Pastes and Powders, they'll alter their Looks so, you shan't know 'em; and I heard of a fine Town-Lady who painted her Face with that variety, she was pick'd up by a purblind Lord six Nights together for a fresh Mistress—— But, dear *Ned*, excuse me, thou know'st the Exigence of my Affairs, a Moment's trifling might be fatal.

Low. Success attend you, Sir. [Exeunt differently.]

Enter Woodcock and Belinda.

Woodc. *Belinda*, I must talk with you—— [Aside.] But why shou'd I examine her? She'll tell me a hundred Lyes with as grave a Face as a *Presbyterian* Divine, when he preaches up Conscience, and slides a Silver Spoon into his Pocket—— 'Tis impossible to know that Sex, they'll melt us with their Tears, and in the same Breath laugh at our Easiness; at Church they'll be very devout with one Eye, and ogle a Fellow with t'other; and they have more Tricks, Querks, and Evasions to avoid speaking Truth, than an Attorney has in draw-

drawing an Answer in Chancery———Belinda,
what think you of the new Gallant I brought you?

Bel. If my Approbation, Sir, wou'd not create in
you an Aversion to him, I wou'd tell you, I like him,
like him infinitely, beyond any Man in particular, and
the whole Sex in general.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] If she be real, this pleases me indeed;
this is News beyond an Express from Italy——'Tis my
Request then, that you marry him instantly.

Bel. Most willingly: The Moment that I saw him,
a sudden Chilness seiz'd me ev'ry where; that Chilness
as suddenly chang'd into a pleasing Warmth; the
Warmth e'er since keeps settl'd at my Heart, and my
Thoughts fix'd on him.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] This is Love; but her Youth's un-
acquainted with these Symptoms, I have felt 'em for-
merly myself——This Hour then he shall be yours

———[*Aside.*] But shou'dn't I first satisfy myself
with the Reality of this Estate he pretends to have?——
It must be so, he lives too far from London to be a Cheat
———Now, what an impudent Rogue is this Rey-
nard, to pretend a Contract with my Daughter, when
she all the while dies for Squire Hobbie——But then,
how shou'd Reynard know what pass'd between the
Countryman and her, unless the Devil help'd him to't;
like enough, truly, I believe most o' your Town Sparks
are very intimate with Alderman Belnobub——Come
Belinda; ——[*Aside.*] Still I suspect a Trick, but
if she marries him, there can be none; if she can cheat
the Priest, she'll cheat the Devil. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Squib.

Squ. Pox of his Courage, I say; I shall be kick'd
about by ev'ry Chocolate-House Beau, now they know
I won't fight; how shall I be reveng'd? Shall I venture
to challenge him? ——No———What shall I do
then? Oh! I shall meet him in the public Dancing-
Room, and I'll sit above him.——But now, how
can I appear before my Mistress? 'Tis no matter; there's
Penelope with a better Fortune; and I cou'd like her,

ware

were she not so forward, People naturally slight those that are in Love with 'em, tho' shou'd I have an Aversion to all the Women that are in love with me, I might despise the whole Sex; therefore I will marry her.

Enter Mrs. Goodfellow and Penelope.

Mrs. Goodf. Sweet Captain, we have sought for you vehemently; we wanted your Company with us to *Southborough*.

Squ. I have likewise, my fair *Penelope*, been upon the Chase for you, to inform you, some Ladies here have a violent Design upon my Person; and if you don't enclose me presently, I shall be ravish'd from your Arms.

Pen. Lose my dear Captain! Aunt, Aunt, run for Doctor *Dromedary*, and let us be married before the Sun reposes. *[Exit Goodfellow.]*

Squ. Now, Madam, we must make a mighty Appearance, and have a stately Bridal Equipage; all new-marry'd People of any Figure, keep a Coach the first Year.

Pen. We must go a visiting together, and to *Hyde-Park* together, and be extremely fond for a Month. Then, Captain, my Aunt and I must go to the *Artillery-Ground* o' Training Days, that the Soldiers may let off their Muskets; and cry, Heav'n bless the noble Captain's Lady; and sure nothing is so pleasant as to frequent Places where one's Husband has an Authority, that one may be very rude, and affront Folks—— But, dear Captain, let's make haste; for shou'd you be ravish'd from me now, I wou'd be more concern'd than if I were ravish'd myself.

Enter Loveworth and Hillaria.

Hill. Sure no Courtier was ever worse plagu'd with a petitioning Poet, than I am with you.

Lov. Sure no Poet was ever more coldly receiv'd by a stately Courtier, than I am by you; but to prove my Constancy, Madam, be as cruel as you please, I'll never leave

leave you, I am resolv'd to follow you, court you, and address you, till you yield.

Hill. And while you continue to follow me, court me, and address me, I will never yield.

Low. Why?

Hill. Because we Women love dearly to be follow'd, courted, and address'd; I must own, Mr. *Loveworth*, we do cully your Sex ev'ry way; while you court us, we make Spaniels of you; and when we have a mind to render you more contemptible, we make Husbands of you; and really you Lovers are meer Spaniels; for the worse you are us'd, the more you fawn.

Low. You know, Madam, you have Pow'r, and are resolv'd to triumph.

Hill. We know you are Fools, and are resolv'd to laugh at you; but no more of this Chat, here's Company.

Enter Woodcock Singing.

Woodc. Sing *Old Sir Simon the King; tol, tol, &c.*

Low. I'm glad to see you so merry, Mr. *Woodcock*, shan't we rejoice with you too?

Woodc. With all my heart, Mr. *Loveworth*; I have just marry'd my Daughter, and am resolv'd to dedicate a whole Twelvemonth to Mirth and Jollity; I'll broach my six Hogsheads of Stout, that were brew'd in the Days of King *Charles*, and make the whole Country as drunk, as at an Election of Burgessees.

Hill. Shan't we see your Son-in-law, Sir?

Woodc. Presently, Madam, I left 'em but in the next Room to bill and coo a little—Ha, ha, ha, what wou'd I give now Mr. *Reynard* were but here, to laugh at him a little, and let him see our Ale in the Country has inspir'd us with more Cunning than all his *Burgundy* in Town.

Low. O! here they come.

Reynard

Reynard and Belinda enter, and kneel to Woodcock.

Rey. Your Blessing, Sir?

Woodc. Mr. *Reynard*!

Rey. The very same, Son-in-law to you, and Partner to this Lady, by your own Choice and Approbation.

Woodc. Here's a Son of a Copper-Smith! ——— But, Daughter *Belinda*, what means this Stuff? Did not I give you to the Countryman? and did not the Priest join your Hands? Call in Dr. *Dromedary*.

Bel. You did, Sir; commanded by you, and prompted by my own Inclination, with a double Joy I received him for my Husband.

Rey. To humour you, Sir, I was that Countryman, and to please this Lady am now Mr. *Reynard* again.

Woodc. Why then Mr. *Reynard* is the Devil incarnate.

Lov. I find, Mr. *Woodcock*, your Country Ale has clouded your Understanding a little.

Woodc. [*Aside.*] Hell and Furies, how have I been abused, snared on by a vain fluttering Fellow, and jilted by my own Daughter ——— 'Sdeath, I shall be a Jest to the whole Country. Mr. *Reynard*, I own you have been too hard for me, your Wit has gain'd her, now let your Wit maintain her, my Estate deserves a better Usage.

Hill. Nay now, Mr. *Woodcock*, I must interpose.

Woodc. You! I have a mighty Respect, indeed, for your Sex.

Hill. I fancy, Sir, you never spent much Time in France [*Aside.*] A true English Clown.

Lov. But, Mr. *Woodcock*, your Experience should consider these Frailties; she still respects you as her Father, but neither Duty, Friendship, nor Interest can prevail against the Force of Love.

Woodc. No, I have a Sense of Money, and cannot bear to see it us'd like Dirt; before my Estate shall be spent in glaring Liveries, and feed an empty Pride, I'll fit out a Regiment to help carry on the War,

War, and nobly spend it in my Country's Service; this Moment I discard her; since blind Love chang'd her State, blind Chance direct her Course——But who am I thus using? My Daughter? Who then must share my Wealth? if I reject my Child, my only Child——Nature, Nature, why do you rack me thus?

Bel. We'll settle in the Country, Sir; Dispose us as you please, pardon but this Offence, and own us yours.

[Weeps]

Woode. How easily Tears flow from Womens Eyes; after a voluntary Disobedience, they calm our Passion with a feign'd Repentance; her Sorrow moves me, tho' I know 'tis false: Can I dissolve this Marriage? No. Mr. *Reynard*, take her, as you use her, you may hope my Favour. My personal Estate shall descend to her; my real Estate I'll settle on your eldest Son, whom I expect to breed under my own Eye, and according to my own Humour——'Tis very hard to deny me that——On those Conditions, Heav'n bless you both.

Rey. I have various Reasons, Sir, to value your Esteem, and endeavour to oblige you; my Interest, my Love to this Lady, and chiefly to persuade you from a Prejudice against Men of Education——To gain a Mistress, we're allow'd Deceit; in all things else you will find me a Man of Honour.

Lov. Now, Madam, we may congratulate your Happiness.

Hill. [*Aside to Bel.*] You see, *Belinda*, my Words are verifi'd; 'tis observ'd, Fathers love us better than we do them; these Eruptions will occasion some Conflict, but 'tis very soon over; except it be some very cross old Fellows who when they're disobligh'd won't part with their Money, but they die the sooner, and one has it then——Mr. *Woodcock*, this Action has won my Favour strangely; I must extol your Goodness; nay, I shall speak well of you behind your Back, [*Aside.*] and that's what I never did of any body yet.

[Musick without.]

Rey.

Rey. Bless us, what mighty Procession have we here, that all the Musick in the Place is muster'd up?

The Musicians enter playing, Squib and Penelope affectedly humouring Time, Mrs. Goodfellow following.

Parturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus.

Squ. Gentlemen, and Ladies, my Dear and I come to acquaint you with our Nuptials.

Hill. Penelope and the Captain marry'd!

Pen. Why really, Madam, my Dear and I found ourselves so very fit for one another, Nature wou'd not let us be any longer asunder.

Squ. Sure no Pair were ever so well match'd as my Dear and I. [Kissing.]

Pen. Sure no Pair were ever so fond as my Dear and I.

Hill. [*Aside.*] Sure no Pair were ever so affected as my Dear and I: Is there any Thing so fulsome as a new-marry'd Couple, that play the Fool, and kiss before Company?

Rey. [*Aside.*] I shall marr their Joy presently——
But here comes soft Mr. Maiden mortified to the last degree: For after all his Musick, Painting, and other fine Accomplishments, he's discover'd to have no Estate.

All. No Estate! ha, ha, ha!

Rey. Some Gentlemen it seems, pleas'd with his Vanity, buzz'd a plausible Story in his Ears, and brought him down hither to make him ridiculous.

Hill. Poor Mr. Maiden! But 'tis many a Beau's Case, to build a mighty Appearance upon a very slender Foundation. The greatest Beaus we have about Town now, are Milliners, Mercers, Lawyers Clerks, and 'tis such upstart Fellows that ruin so many poor Tradesmen, for amongst 'em all, you'll scarce find a Periwig that's paid for.

Enter

Enter Maiden.

Maid. What a Pox, must I go to the *Change* again, and sell Gloves and Ribbons?

Squ. No Estate! O Lord, *Maiden*, what will become of your *Airs* now?

Bel. What pity 'tis, the fine Mr. *Maiden*, who does ev'ry thing so much like *Quality*, should be forc'd to turn *Mechanick*!

Woodc. What will your *Patchwork*, and your *Filla-gree* signify now, Friend, without an Estate to keep your *Follies* in countenance?

Hill. Come, come, Mr. *Maiden*, ne'er be concern'd, Riches are only to supply other Defects; your *Graces* may command a Lady with an Estate at any time.

Maid. Nay, whenever I marry, I don't doubt of a good Fortune yet; when I was at the *Change* before, People us'd to call me handsome Mr. *Maiden*. I have a Brother too, so like me, as no body can distinguish us, and we us'd to cheat Folks, and lay it upon one another.

Rey. But the Captain here is more to be pitied, who instead of marrying into a great Family, and with a great Fortune, has made an Alliance with Mrs. *Lime-Juice*, that keeps a Punch House in *Long-Acre*, and her Niece *Jenny Trapes*, who being known by ev'ry body in town, thought to pass at *Tunbridge* for a chaste *Penelope*.

Squ. *Jenny Trapes*! ——— What that Carrot-pated Jade that lodges at the Corner of *White-Horse-Alley*.

Rey. The same indeed, only she has black'd her Hair with a *Leaden-Comb*.

Squ. The Devil black her all over.

All. Ha, ha, ha, give you Joy, Captain.

Hill. Nay, really, I always took her for some such Creature; she has made no Show since she came, but always trapish and dirty, like an Actress at a Morning Rehearsal.

Maid. Marry'd her! O Lard, Captain, what will become of your *Airs* now?

Squ. Sir——— [*Afide.*] I have study'd Intriguing to a fine purpose, to be trick'd at last, by an old Brandy-Bottle.

Rey. Nay, they have cheated one another, for the Captain, whom I had a particular Reason to enquire after, instead of being a worthy Officer, and a Man of Substance, is found to be one of those handicraft Gentlemen that sit cross-legg'd Six Stories high, spoil a world of good Cloth, by putting it into an ill Shape, and stuff up long Bills with Canvas, Buckram, and Stay-Tape.

All. A Taylor ! Ha, ha, ha !

Rey. We always fancy'd he had a shambling Air: but Yesterday as he drew out his Handkerchief, he happen'd to drop a Measure upon the Walks, and discover'd all.

Woode. What a Misfortune 'tis, so renown'd a Warrior shou'd dwindle into a Louse-cracker.

Hill. I'm sorry, Captain, I cou'dn't receive you for a Husband ; a Taylor's Wife, you know, wou'd sound but oddly at Tunbridge, but I'll besure to send for you when I have occasion for a new Jump.

Maid. A Taylor ! nay, now I will banter him——— Captain, pray how many Yards o'Cloth must you have to make my Monkey a pair of Breeches ?

Squ. 'Dablood, Sir.

Maid. [*Starts.*] Now the Duce take me, if I a'n't afraid of him still, tho' I know he's but the ninth Part of a Man.

Rey. Well, Captain, you may keep your Title for all this : *Taylor's, Shoemakers,* and *Barbers,* may serve for Militia-Officers, since you only fight Mock-Battles, and represent what a Captain shou'd be.

Squ. Look you, Sir, 'tis natural for us that dwell in a Garret, to be a little high-minded, therefore I came down to Tunbridge, in hopes to make my Fortune ; but since I find my Expectations frustrated, I candidly take my Leave ; and Gentlemen, and Ladies, when you come to Town, if you'll favour me with a Visit at the Doublet in *Barbakin*, 'twill be very gratefully

The Freeman of Kent.

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fully acknowledg'd by your very humble Servant,
Ezekiel Cucumber

[Exit.]

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Woodc. Come, good People, some Neighbours of mine shall divert you on this Occasion, tho' I design'd it an Entertainment suitable to a Rural Marriage.

Hill. [To Goodf. and Pen.] Ladies, virtuous Ladies, you'll not deprive us of your Company, Ladies.

Goodf. I ne'er was out of countenance till now, I'll ship off all I have, and run to Ireland.

Pen. I'll go and hang myself in *White-Horse- Alley*.

[Exitant.]

An Entertainment.

Low. Well, Madam, now you see other People coupled, what say you to a Dance?

Hill. Marriage, Mr. *Loveworth*, is too solemn a Dance, I'm for a Frisk, a Minute or so, but I hate the Brawls; tho' really, 'tis like a Feast, and to see People eat heartily, wou'd make one fall to, tho' one had no Stomach ——— [Aside.] Now I find he's desperately in love, I'll give myself an Air of Generosity ———

But, Mr. *Loveworth*, since we come to talk seriously o' the Matter. I must deal ingenuously with you: the Report you have of my Fortune is utterly false ——— My Parents were mighty well-bred People, and what they shou'd have laid up for my Portion, they spent in my Education; I have a great deal of Good-Humour, and all that, but no Money; I'll tell you one thing, I am a Maid, but don't expose me; therefore if you can like a Woman with only the Cloaths to her Back, and a dozen good Smocks or so, I must own a very great Affection for your Estate.

Low. Hang Fortune, Madam, your Wit and Beauty may command the World, I'd marry you tho' you had n't so much as Fig-Leaves.

Hill. That's very kind; take me then, and since I bring you nothing, I'll manage your Estate so prudently, I'll save you a Fortune, and in twenty Years time you shall know no difference———Now did I depend upon Rambling about, Chastity, and clean Linen, and thought not of being that slutish thing a Wife these seven Years; but———ugh, these Men, when they get an Ascendant over us, they turn and wind us just as they please.

Rey. Sister, I approve your Choice, and wish you much Satisfaction.

Low. *Hillaria* his Sister!

Rey. My own dear Sister; we were both cast in the same Mould.

Bel. *Hillaria*!

Hill. *Belinda*!

Rey. There is an Estate too belonging to our Family under some Incumbrances, which a little of Mr. *Woodcock's* Assistance might discharge, and raise a genteel Fortune for my Sister.

Woodc. Not a Soule, Mr. *Reynard*, till you have shown your Skill, produce me a Grandson, and you bind me yours.

Hill. [*Aside to Rey.*] You must rest contented, Brother, and resolve to study his Temper: 'Tis not for the Weak to oppose the Strong. We naturally flatter and dissemble for our Interest; therefore coax him all you can, and when you have wheedled him out of one half of his Estate, go to Law with him for the rest.

Rey. [*To Woodc.*] You need not doubt my Performance, Sir.

*Beauty itself sufficiently prevails,
And Gold excites us oft, when Beauty fails;
But, with a double force our Skill we prove,
When two such Charms unite to prompt our Love.*

F I N I S.

